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English Reprints

The last Fight of 'The Revenge' at sea

UNDER THE COMMAND OF

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE

On the 10-11th of September 1591

DESCRIBED BY

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

November 1591

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GERVASE MARKHAM

1595

AND

JAN HUYGEN VAN LINSCHOTEN

In Dutch, 1596; English, 1598; and Latin, 1599

Than this [action at sea], what have we more!
What can be greater!—JOHN EVELYN, F.R.S.
Navigation and Commerce, their Original and Progress, p. 74, Ed. 1674

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EDWARD ARBER

F.S.A. ETC. LATE EXAMINER IN ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

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INTRODUCTION.

In the whole Spanish war, but one Queen's ship, the Revenge, *and (if I recollect right) but one private man-of-war, Sir Richard Hawkins* Dainty [after a three days' fight, 20-22 June 1594, sustained by 75 Englishmen against 1300 Spaniards] *had ever struck their colours to the enemy.* Rev. Canon Kingsley, *Westward Ho!* ii, 320, Ed. 1855.

PErhaps in all naval hiſtory there never was a more gallant fight than that of the *Revenge* off the Weſtern Isles. Its fame is increaſing with our greater general knowledge of thoſe times. Mr. Kingſley has adduced it in his apotheoſis of Elizabeth's ſea kings in *Weſtward Ho!*; and Mr. Froude crowned his article in the *Weſtminſter Review* for July 1852, on *England's Forgotten Worthies*, (ſince included by him in his *Short Studies on Great Subjects*) with a ſketch of this heroic ſtruggle; while we have here collected as many contemporary notices as poſſible of this celebrated action at ſea.

We will very briefly touch on its date, occaſion, and neceſſity; leaving its details and reſults to our reprinted narratives.

2. Sir W. Raleigh dates the commencement of the Fight at 3 P.M. of the laſt of Auguſt, *i.e.* Old Style, or 10 September, New Style. Linſchoten, writing in 1596, five years after the event, puts the arrival of the Armada on 13 September; but Sir Walter, writing in the following November of 1591, and with a freſh knowledge derived from the depoſitions of the ſurvivors, is much more likely to be correct in this reſpect.

3, The Weſtern Iſlands being the junction of the Portugueſe fleets from the Eaſt Indies, and the Spaniſh fleets from the Weſt Indies, had been, for years, a favourite cruizing ground for Engliſh men-of-war and privateers. The wealth of both the Indies was now the heritage of Philip II. Although—by the blaſts of the Almighty more than by the power of man—the great Fleet

of 1588, which was the Spaniſh inauguration of open war, had been ſhattered and broken: ſtill money and money's worth might rebuild freſh Armadas for Spain, while the King held human life cheap indeed. There could therefore be no halting. England muſt fight on and ſtrike hard if ſhe would preſerve the advantage ſhe had then gained. In capturing or ſinking the Indian ſupplies of gold, ſilver, and ſpices, ſhe ſtopped the ſources of Philip's power to hurt herſelf. So our glorious forefathers ſank, deſtroyed, or brought home every Spaniſh ſhip they could approach: while Spain ſtrove her utmoſt to protect her argoſies, and to bring them ſafely into port.

What chances occurred in this conteſt. Five or ſix Portugueſe carracks uſually returned each year from Goa, laden, almoſt to ſinking point, with the coſtly treaſures of the Eaſt. Drake miſſed, by one day only, outſide Liſbon bar, five of ſuch prizes on 24 Aug. 1589. Linſchoten alſo ſaw the entire quay of Angra, the chief village of Terceira, covered from November 1589 to March 1590, with cheſts of ſilver to the value of five millions of ducats, equal to one million pounds ſterling, or in correſponding preſent value to four or five millions; all landed there at one time, together with a vaſt unregiſtered quantity of gold, pearls, and other precious ſtones, from two ſhips only, coming from the Weſt Indies. What muſt the annual fleets have carried? A ſpecial fleet was ſent from Spain for this treaſure. In its return to San Lucar it was blown by the wind northwards towards Liſbon. Nevertheleſs the Admiral, Alvaro Flores de Quiniones would have forced his way back to San Lucar, according to his orders; but the wind and the ſailors' importunities were too ſtrong for him. The fleet went to Liſbon, and was, with the treaſure, ſaved. For off Cape Vincent lay 20 Engliſh ſhips waiting for them, a force that would infallibly have captured or ſunk every one of them. A correſponding ill fortune too, befell many a Spaniſh ſhip, now lying at the bottom of the Atlantic.

Theſe dangers and loſſes alarmed Philip II. and his council.

Whereupon [in September 1590] the king aduiſed the fleet, lying in *Hauana*, in the Spanish Indies ready to come for *Spain* that they should stay there all that yeare, till the next yeare, because of the great danger they might fal into by the Englishmen, which was no small charge, and hinderance to the Fleet, for that the ships that lie there doe consume themselues, and in a manner eat vp one an other, by reason of the great number of people, together with the scarsetie of al things, so that many ships chose rather, one by one to adventure themselues alone, to get home, then to stay there: all which fell into the English mens hands, whereof diuers of the men were brought into *Tercera*, for that a whole day we could see nothing els, but spoyled men set on shore, some out of one ship, some out of an other, that pittie it was to see, al of them cursing the Englishmen, and their owne fortunes, with those that had bin the causes to prouoke the Englishmen to fight, and complayning of the small remedie and order taken therein by the king of *Spaines* Officers. *Linschoten. p.* 191. *Ed.* 1596.

4. Sir W. Monson, who had done good ſervice in the Azores

in 1589, was with his old commander the Earl of Cumberland off the coaſt of Spain in 1591. His account of this ſea-fight is the moſt diſparaging of all to Sir R. Grenville. It was firſt printed in *Megalopſychy*, 1682, fol., which is a hard and often unfair account of the naval war with Spain, 1587-1603. A.D. A tranſcript differing verbally from this text is now *Cott. MS. Titus. B. viii.*, and was reprinted in *Archæologia.* xxxiv. 296-349. We give the account entire from the 1682 text:—

Her Maieſty understanding of the *Indian* Fleets Wintering in the *Havana*, and that Necessity would compell them home this Year 1591, she sent a Fleet to the Islands under the Command of the Lord *Thomas Howard.*

The King of *Spain* perceiving her Drift, and being sensible how much the safety of that Fleete concerned him, caused them to set out thence so late in the Year, that it endangered the Shipwrack of them all; chosing rather to hazard the perishing of Ships, Men and Goods, then their falling into our hands.

He had two Designs in bringing home this Fleete so late: One was, he thought the Lord *Thomas* would have consumed his Victuals, and have been forced Home: The other, that he might in the mean time furnish the great Fleet he was preparing, little inferior to that of 1588. In the first he found himself deceived: For my Lord was supplied both with Ships and Victuals out of *England*; and in the second, he was as much prevented: For my Lord of *Cumberland*, who then lay upon the Coast of *Spain*, had Intelligence of the *Spaniards* putting out to Sea, and advertised the Lord Thomas thereof, the very Night before they arrived at *Flores*, where my Lord lay.

The day after this Intelligence, the *Spanish* Fleet was discovered by my Lord *Thomas*, whom he knew by their Number and Greatness, to be the Ships of which he had warning; and by that means escaped the Danger that Sir *Richard Greenvile*, his Vice-admiral rashly ran into. Upon View of the *Spaniards*, which were 55 Sail, the Lord *Thomas* warily, and like a discreet General, weighed Anchor, and made Signs to the rest of his Fleet to do the like, with a purpose to get the Wind of them; but Sir *Richard Grenvile*, being a stubborn man, and imagining this Fleet to come from the *Indies*, and not to be the *Armado* of which they were informed, would by no means be persuaded by his Master, or Company, to cut his main Sail, to follow the Admiral; nay, so head-strong and rash he was, that he offered violence to those that councelled him thereto.

But the Old Saying, that a wilful man is the Cause of his own Woe, could not be more truly verified than in him. For when the *Armado* approached him, and he beheld the Greatness of the Ships, he begun to see and repent him of his Folly, and when it was too late, would have freed himself of them, but in vain: For he was left a Prey to the Enemy, every Ship striving to be the first [that] should board him.

This wilful Rashness of Sir *Richard* made the *Spaniards* triumph as much as if they had obtained a Signal Victory, it being the first Ship that ever they took of Her Majesties, and commended to them by some English Fugitives to be the very best she had; but their Joy continued not long. For they enjoyed her but five days before she was cast away with many *Spaniards* in her, upon the Islands of *Tercera.*

Commonly one Misfortune is accompanied with another: For the *Indian* Fleet, for which my Lord had waited the whole Summer, the day after this mishap, fell into the Company of the *Spanish Armado*: who, if they had staid but one day longer, or the *Indian* Fleet had come home but one day sooner, we had possest both them and many millions of Treasure which the Sea afterwards devoured: For from the tyme they met with the Armado, and before they could recover home, nigh an hundred of them suffered Shipwrack, besides the *Ascention* of *Sevil*, and the double Fly-boat, that were sunk by the side of the *Revenge.*

All which was occasioned by their Wintering in the *Indies* and the late Dis ambogueing from thence: For the Worm which that Country, is subject to, weakens and consumes their Ships.

Notwithstanding their cross and perverse Fortune which happened by means of Sir *Richard Greenvile*, the Lord *Thomas* would not be dismayed or discouraged; but kept the Sea so long as he had Victuals; and by such Ships as himself and the rest of the Fleet took, defrayed the better part of the Charge of the whole Action, *p.* 20. *pp.* 24-5.

In flat contradiction with this is a *confidential* letter written in London on 31 October 1591, by Thomas Phelippes the decipherer, who some years before had been employed by Sir F. Walsingham in the discovery of the Babington conspiracy. Writing to his friend Thomas Barnes, he says—

Can write no good news from hence; the loss of the Revenge, with Sir R. Grenfield is stale; they disguised it here with the sinking of so many of the King of Spain's ships and men; and besides she has since sunk in the sea, with many Spaniards that were in her; they condemn the Lord Thomas for a coward, and some say he is for the King of Spain. Supposes he has heard of the quarrel and offer of combat between the Lord Admiral and Sir Walter Raleigh. Seven prizes, part of the West India fleet, have been brought in by the merchants that went to second Lord Thomas. They report that the rest, with the King's ships of war, are drowned by a tempest, and only 26 arrived in Spain. *Cal.* S. P., *Eliz.*

Nelson at Copenhagen, when Sir Hyde Parker put up the signal of recal, put his telescope to his sightless eye. Being successful, the matter was passed over. Grenville in like case perishing, is blamed by Monson for not obeying the signal of his superior officer. Sir W. Raleigh's *Report* was written to soothe and extenuate everybody; but the common proportion arises, If the *Revenge* did so much hurt, what would the whole English squadron, crippled though it was, have done? if, seeing the *Revenge* once committed, however wrongly and contrary to orders, they had all borne down and made an united attack on the Spanish fleet? Even if driven off, they would have probably sunk or disabled all the Spanish ships. There *was* the chance of the Spaniards flying as in 1588. While victory would have given them, on the very next day, the Indian fleet, with its untold prize money, for which they had been so long waiting. Had the fiery Grenville been Admiral and Lord Thomas, Vice-admiral; such a course as this would undoubtedly have been taken.

5. Sir Richard Hawkins, in his *Observations, &c.*, posthumously published in 1622, shows that Grenville as Vice-admiral was necessarily the last to leave the island.

In the Fleete of her Maiestie, vnder the charge of my Father Sir *Iohn Hawkins*, Anno 1590. vpon the coast of *Spaine*, the Vice-admirall being a head one morning, where his place was to be a Sterne, lost vs the taking of eight men of Warre, loaden with Munition, Victuals, and Provisions, for the supplie of the Souldiers in *Brittaine*: and although they were seaven or eight Leagues from the Shore, when our Vice-admirall began to fight with them, yet for that the rest of our Fleete were some foure, some fiue Leagues, and

some more distant from them, when we beganne to giue chase: the *Spaniards* recovered into the Harbour of *Monge*, before our Admirall could come vp to giue direction, yet well beaten, with losse of aboue two hundreth men, as they themselues confessed to me after.

In this poynt, at the Ile of *Flores*, Sir *Richard Greenfield* got eternall honour and reputation of great valour, and of an experimented Souldier, chusing rather to sacrifice his life, and to passe all danger whatsoeuer, then to fayle in his Obligation, by gathering together those which had remained a shore in that place, though with the hazard of his ship and companie; And rather we ought to imbrace an honourable death then to liue with infamie and dishonour, by fayling in dutie; and I account that he, and his Country got much honor in that occasion: for one ship, and of the second sort of her Maiesties, sustained the force of all the Fleete of *Spaine*, and gaue them to vnderstand, that they be impregnible, for having bought deerely the boording of her, divers and sundry times, and with many ioyntly, and with a continuall fight of 14. or 16. houres, at length leaving her without any Mast standing, and like a Logge in the Seas, shee made notwithstanding, a most honourable composition of life and libertie, for aboue two hundreth and sixtie men,[1] as by the Pay-booke appeareth: which her Maiestie of her free grace commanded in recompence of their service, to be given to every one his six moneths wages. All which may worthily be written in our Chronicles in letters of Gold, in memory for all Posterities, some to beware, and others by that example in the like occasions, to imitate the true valour of our Nation in these Ages.

In point of Providence, which Captaine *Vavisor* in the *foresight* gaue also good proofe of his valour, in casting about vpon the whole Fleete, notwithstanding the greatnesse and multitude of the Spanish *Armado*, to yeeld that succour which he was able: Although some doe say, and I consent with them, that the best valour is to obey, and to follow the head, seeme that good or bad which is commanded. *fol.* 9-11.

It is manifeſt, from all accounts, that the *Revenge* could have got away as ſoon as ſhe was clear of Flores. Then comes the turning-point as to the neceſſity for the fight at all. It was a difference of judgment, probably ariſing out of a difference of character. Mouſan ſeems to be quite in error in making Grenville to miſtake the Armada for the Indian fleet. Grenville dared to outdare everything, and to force his ſingle ſhip through the Spaniſh hoſt. The worſt that can be ſaid of the fight is that it was the Balaclava charge of that Spaniſh War. Yet even here, its exceſſive loſs to the Spaniards in ſhips and men would not juſtify the phraſe, *C'eſt magnifique, mais ce n'eſt pas la guerre.* For it was war, and in frightful earneſt: as the dreadful ſhrieks of the ſinking Spaniſh crews drowning out of ſight paſſed all remedy, rang above the cannons' roar amid the horrors of that September night.

6. The adviſability of the conflict apart; words cannot ſufficiently blazon forth the honour and glory of this great Sea-Fight. One hundred fighting Engliſhmen at bay with fifteen thouſand Spaniards, Portugueſe, and Dutch. It is our naval Thermopylæ. Lord Bacon, with his own beautiful ſtyle and imagery, thus magniſies it:—

[1] *This evidently comprises the entire crew, sick and well. The action seems to have been fought by about a hundred Englishmen. The rest lay sick on the baliast.*

In the yeare 1591. was that Memorable Fight, of an *English Ship* called the *Reuenge*, vnder the Command of Sir *Richard Greenuill*; Memorable (I say) euen beyond credit, and to the Height of some Heroicall Fable. And though it were a Defeat, yet it exceeded a Victory: Being like the Act of *Sampson*, that killed more Men at his Death, than he had done in the time of all his Life. This *Ship*, for the space of 15. hours, sate like a Stagge amongst Hounds, at the bay, and was seiged, and fought with, in turne, by 15. great Ships of Spaine; Part of a Nauy of 55. Ships in all; The rest like Abettors looking on a farre off. And amongst the 15. Ships that fought, the great *Sant Philippo* was one; A Ship of 1500. tonne; Prince of the twelue *Sea Apostles*; Which was right glad, when she was shifted off from the *Reuenge*. This braue ship the *Reuenge*, being manned only with 200. (Souldiers and Mariners,) whereof 80. lay sicke, yet neuerthelesse after a Fight maintained (as was said) of 15 hours and two Ships of the Enemy sunke by her side; Besides many more torne and battred, and great slaughter of Men; neuer came to be entred, but was taken by Composition; The Enemies themselues hauing in admiration the Vertue of the Commander, and the whole Tragedy of that Ship. *Considerations touching a Warre with Spaine.* [Written in 1624] included in *Certaine Miscellany Works*, Ed. by Dr. Rawley, *p.* 52-3. *Ed.* 1629.

7. The *Revenge* was apparently built about 1579; probably at Chatham, by Sir J. Hawkins. She was a notoriously unlucky ship. Sir R. Hawkins gives the following account of her mishaps:—

As was plainely seene in the *Revenge*, which was ever the vnfortunatest Ship, the late Queenes Maiestie had during her Raigne; for comming out of *Ireland*, with Sir *John Parrot*, shee was like to be cast away vpon the *Kentish* Coast. After in the Voyage of Sir *John Hawkins* my Father, Anno 1586, shee strucke aground comming into *Plimouth*, before her going to Sea: Vpon the coast of *Spaine*, shee left her Fleete, readie to sinke with a great Leake: At her returne into the Harbour of *Plimouth*, shee beate vpon *Winter Stone*; and after in the same Voyage, going out of *Portsmouth* Haven, shee ranne twice a-ground; and in the latter of them, lay twentie two houres beating vpon the shore, and at length with eight foote of water in hold, she was forced off, and presently ranne vpon the Oose: and was cause, that shee remained there (with other three Ships of her Maiesties) six moneths, till the Spring of the yeare; When comming about to be docked, entring the river of *Thames*, her old Leake breaking vpon her, had like to haue drowned all those which were in her. In Anno 1591. with a storme of wind and weather, riding at her Moorings in the river of *Rochester*, nothing but her bare Masts over head, shee was turned topse-turvie, her Kele vppermost: And the cost and losse shee wrought, I haue good cause to remember; in her last Voyage, in which shee was lost, when shee gaue *England* and *Spaine* iust cause to remember her. For the *Spaniards* themselues confesse, that three of their Ships sunke by her side, and was the death of aboue 1500. of their men, with the losse of a great part of their fleete, by a storme which suddainly tooke them the next day. What *English* died in her, many liuing, are witnesses: Amongst which was Sir *Richard Grenfeild*, a noble and valiant Gentleman, Vice-admirall in her of her Maiesties Fleete. So that well considered, shee was even a Ship loaden, and full fraught with ill successe. *Observations, &c., fol.* 2-3. *Ed.* 1622.

Yet the *Revenge* was the crack ship of its class in the British Navy; in which she was what we should now call a Second Rate. She was of 500 tons burden, with a crew of 250 men, and probably carrying from 30 to 40 guns of different sizes. Drake, whose skill in seamanship was unsurpassed, chose her to fight his

fight as Vice-admiral againſt the Armada of 1588, and it is a ſingular teſtimony to her excellent qualities, that deſpite all her ill luck, her model ſhould have been ſelected, after the experience gained in that great conflict, by the firſt ſeaman of the time as the beſt type for future ſhips.

1588. Nov. [20.] Device by Lord Admiral Howard. Sir F. Drake, Sir W. Wynter, Sir John Hawkyns, Captain Wm. Borough, and others for the conſtruction of four new ships to be built on the model of the *Revenge*, but exceeding her in burthen. The dimensions to be 100 feet by the keel, 35 feet in breadth, and 15 feet depth in the hold. *Cal.* S. P. *Eliz.*

8. Corniſh men and Devonſhire men may ever be proud of Sir Richard Grenville. Among all the Knights of the Sea that attended Queen Elizabeth, and who outvied the fabled deeds of the Knights of the Round Table, he held a high place. A long and active life devoted to his Queen and country was cloſed by the moſt glorious of deaths. The dying words of Wolfe on the heights of Abraham, of Moore on the hill above Corunna, of Nelſon at Trafalgar, do not ſurpaſs thoſe of this fine old Engliſh gentleman, who ſpoke his own epitaph when he ſaid—

Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind: for that I have ended my life as a true ſoldier ought to do, that hath fought for his countrey, Queen, religion, and honour. Whereby my ſoul moſt joyfully departeth out of this body, and ſhall always leave behind it an everlaſting fame of a valiant and true ſoldier; that hath done his dutie as he was bound to do. p. 94.

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NOTES RESPECTING Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE, Knt.

of Stow, co. Cornwall, and Bideford, co. Devon.

A short Latin account of Vice-Admiral Sir R. Grenville occurs, with his portrait at *p.* 81 of H. Holland's *Herœologia*, London, 1620, fol. but there does not appear to be any contemporary Life of him. The following brief notes are, unless otherwise stated, taken from *Calenders of State Papers. Elizabeth* (Domestic), and *Colonial.*

The Grenville family were among the very foremost of the Cornish gentry. Lysons gives the following account of them.

"The manor of Kilkhampton [in the extreme north of Cornwall] is supposed to have belonged to the Grenville family, from nearly the time of the Conquest; Dugdale says, that they were seated here in the reign of William Rufus. Richard de Grenville, who came over with William the Conqueror, is said, in the pedigrees of the family, to have been a younger brother of Robert Fitzhaman, Earl of Carbill, Lord of Thurigny and Granville, in France and Normandy; and to have been lineally descended from Rollo, Duke of Normandy. It is on record, that Richard de Grenville held certain knight's fees at Bideford in Devonshire, in the reign of Henry II. We have not found any record of the Grenvilles' possessions at Kilkhampton, of an earlier date than the *quo warranto* roll before-mentioned [1301 A.D.], but it appears that it had at that time been long in the family: they continued to reside at Stowe, in this parish, for many generations, and frequently served the office of sheriff for the county. William Grenville or Grenfield, (as the name was at that early period generally written), son of Sir Theobald, became Archbishop of York, and distinguished himself as an able statesman; he died in 1315. Sir Richard Grenville, son of Roger (who was himself a captain in the navy, and lost his life, as Carew tells us, in the unfortunate *Mary Rose*,) was a celebrated military and naval commander in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He first distinguished himself [æt. 16] in the wars [in Hungary] under the Emperor Maximilian against the Turks, for which his name is recorded by several foreign writers." *Magna Britannia.* iii. *Cornwall, p.* 163. *Ed.* 1814.

Richard Carew of Anthony, notices Stow, at f. 118, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, finished on 23 April 1602.

1571. R. Grenville of Stow represents Cornwall in Parliament.

1577 or 1578. Having been High Sheriff for Cornwall he is knighted. See also S. Morgan's *Sphere of Gentry* iii. 90, *Ed.* 1661, under Richard Gr[n]field.

1581. OCT. 25. Is, with other commissioners, at Radstow, examining John Piers, the pirate.

1582. MAY 5. Is, with other commissioners, at Penryn, enquiring as touching the taking away of the Spanish ship out of Falmouth, by Sir J. Killigrew's servants.

1583. DEC. 27. Writes from Redford as to the custody of the Castle and Island of Tintagel.

1584. MAY. One of the commissioners for Dover Haven. He proposes the erection of a mole at Folkestone.

JULY 13. Captains Amadas and Barlowe, sent out with two ships by Sir W. Raleigh, take possession of Virginia.

AUG. 6. Sir R. Grenville writes from Penheale that he has been so busily engaged with the musters that he could not make collections for the relief of Namptwich [destroyed by fire].

OCT. 17. Sends from 'my poor house of Stow' a further sum of £20 for the relief of Namptwich.

OCT. Signs the national Association for the defence of the Queen.

1585. MAY 19. Sir W. Raleigh's first colony, headed by Ralph Lane, for Virginia, sets out from Plymouth in 7 ships, under Sir R. Grenville. *Hakluyt. Eng. Voyages, &c. p.* 733, *Ed.* 1589.

AUG. 12. *Ralph Lane to Sec. Walsingham* [from Port Ferdinando, Virginia]. The General [Sir Ric. Grenville's] return to England cuts him off from reporting upon the peculiarities of the

country. Although they arrived there late in the year, wholly through the fault of him who intends to accuse others. . . . . .

SEPT. 8. *Lane to Secretary Walsingham* [from the New Fort in Virginia]. Has thought good to advertise him concerning Sir R. Greenefeelde's [Grenville] complaints against sundry gentlemen of this service, and particularly against Mr. Candyshe [Thos. Cavendish afterwards the circumnavigator] their high marshal, Edw. Gorge, Francis Brooke, their treasurer, and Capt. Clerk. Certifies to their faithfulness and industry, and to the tyrannical conduct of Grenville from first to last, through whose great default the action had been made most painful and perilous. Refers him to an ample discourse of the whole voyage in the hands of the bearer, their treasurer, directed to Sir W. Raleigh, wherein Grenville's intolerable pride, insatiable ambition, and proceedings towards them all, and to Lane in particular, are set forth. Has had so much experience of Grenville as to desire to be freed from the place where he is to carry any authority in chief.

AUG. 31. Sir R. Grenville returning home takes 'a Spanish ship of 300 tunne richly loaden, boording her with a boate made with boards of chests, which fell a sunder, and sunke at the shippes side assoone as euer he and his men were out of it.' Hakluyt, *idem*, *p.* 736.

OCT. 29. *Sir Rich. Grenville to Sec. Walsingham* [from Plymouth]. Acquaints him with the success of his voyage. Has performed the action directed, and discovered, taken possession of, and peopled a new country [Virginia], and stored it with cattle, fruits, and plants. The commodities that are found there are such as he was advertised of by his cousin Sir WalterRaleigh. In his way home captured, after some fighting, a Spanish ship, returning from St. Domingo, laden with ginger and sugar.

1586. APR. 27. The Justices of Cornwall report to the Council 'Sir R. Greynvile being about to depart to sea, has left his charge of 300 men to Geo. Greynvill.'

JUNE 19. Sir F. Drake and a large fleet bring home the first Virginian colony, arriving at Plymouth on 27 JULY.

JUNE Immediately after their departure, a ship of 100 tons arrives with supplies, but finding the colony gone, returns home.

JULY. About 14 or 15 days after the departure of this ship, Sir R. Grenville, with 3 ships, arrives in Virginia. He also returns.

"Not long after he fell in with the Isles of *Azores*, on some of which islands he landed, and spoyled the towns of such thinges as were worth cariage, where also he tooke diuers Spanyardes, with these and many other exployes done by him in this voyage, as well outwarde as homeward, he returned into England.—Hakluyt, *Idem*, *p.* 748.

1587. MAR. Is appointed by the Queen to survey the maritime defences and review the trained bands in Devonshire and Cornwall.

1588. APR. 3. In a statistical return of the musters of England at this date, *Harl. MS.* 4228, *f.* 70, out of 1,500 trained men in Cornwall, Sir Richard comes first with 303 men, armed with 129 *shott*, 69 *corsletts*, 179 *bowes*, and 0 [nought] *billes*.

APR. While preparing another fleet at Bideford for Virginia, for Sir W. Raleigh, Grenville is stayed by the Queen.

JULY-AUG. In the Armada fight; he guards Cornwall and Devon.

SEPT. 14. The Queen tells him to stay all shipping upon the north coast of Devon and Cornwall, as some of the Spanish ships had been driven to sundry ports on the west coast of Ireland.

1591. AUG. 31. [SEPT. 10.] The fight in the *Revenge* begins.

SEPT. 3 or 4 [13 or 14.] Sir R. Grenville dies on board the Spanish Admiral's ship, and his body is buried in the sea. He leaves four sons and five daughters. He was the grandfather of the 'English Bayard,' Sir Bevill Grenville [*b.* 23 March 1595—killed at the battle of Lansdowne, near Bath, on 5 Jnly 1643].

DEC. 9. A commission issued to Sir R. Beville and five others to inquire after the death of Sir R. Grenville, co. Cornwall.

The family were patrons of Bideford church; the only monument in which was that of Sir T. Grenville, Kt., *d.* 18 Mar. 1513.

The decease of our hero's widow is thus entered in the parish register:—

1623. Nov. 5. "The Ladie Mary Grenvile, daughter unto the Right honourable Sir John St. Leger, Knight, deceased, and wife to that famous Warriour Sir Richard Grenvile, Knight, also deceased, beinge in his life time the Spaniard's terror; She was buried in the Grenvile's Isle in the church of Bediford the fifthe daie of November, A.D. 1623." *Polwhele. History of Devon, p.* 425. *Ed.* 1797.

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A Report of the Truth of the Fight, &c.

I.—*As a separate publication.*

1. 1591. London. 1 vol. 4to: see title on opposite page.

II.—*With other works.*

2. 1599-1600. London. Richard Hakluyt's *English Voyages, Navigations,* 3 vols. fol. *&c.*, where it is, at vol. ii. 169, reprinted with this addition to the title. 'Penned by the honourable Sir *Walter Ralegh,* knight.'

3. 1810-12. London. In this Reprint of Hakluyt's *Voyages*, under the edi- 5 vols. 4to. torship of R. H. EVANS, the tract will be found at ii. 662-71. Ed. 1810.

∴ The authorship is fixed by Hakluyt's heading at No. 2. Curiously enough the tract is not included in either of the two editions of Raleigh's *Works* that have as yet appeared; viz. that of Dr. Birch in 1751, excluding, and the Oxford edition of 1829 including, the *History of the World.*

4. 1871. Nov. 15. London, 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at *p.* 1.

The Tragedie of Sir Richard Grinuile, Knt.

I. *As a separate publication.*

1. 1591. London. 1 vol. 4to: see title at *p.* 35.

II. *With other works.*

2. 1871. Nov. 15. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at *p.* 1.

Jan Huygen van Linschoten's Travels, &c.

1. 1596-5-6. Amsterdam. Itinerario. Voyage ofte Schipvaert/ van Jan vol. fol. Huyghen van Lischoten naer Oost ofte Portagaels Indien *&c.* The extract here printed occurs at *pp.* 156-7 of this edition.

2. 1598. London. John Huighen van Linschoten his Discours of Voyages vol. fol. into ye Easte and West Indies Deuided into Foure Bookes.

There were several later continental editions in Latin, French, &c.

A REPORT
OF THE TRVTH OF
the fight about the Iles of
Açores, this laſt
Sommer.

BETVVIXT THE
Reuenge, one of her Maieſties
Shippes,

And an Armada of the King
of Spaine.

LONDON
Printed for william Ponſonbie.
1591.

A report of the truth of the fight about *the Iſles of Açores, this laſt ſummer, betwixt the Reuenge, one of her Maieſties Shippes, and an Armada of the king of Spaine.*

Becauſe the rumours are diuerſly ſpred, as well in Englande as in the lowe countries and els where, of this late encounter betweene her maieſties ſhips and the Armada of *Spain*; and that the Spaniardes according to their vſuall maner, fill the world with their vaine glorious vaunts, making great apparance of victories: when on the contrary, themſelues are moſt commonly and ſhamefully beaten and diſhonoured; therby hoping to poſſeſſe the ignorant multitude by anticipating and forerunning falſe reports: It is agreeable with all good reaſon, for manifeſtation of the truth to ouercome falſhood and vntruth; that the beginning, continuance and ſucceſſe of this late honourable encounter of Syr *Richard Grinuile*, and other her maieſties Captaines, with the Armada of *Spaine*; ſhould be truly ſet downe and publiſhed without parcialltie or falſe imaginations. And it is no maruell that the Spaniard ſhould ſeeke by falſe and ſlandrous Pamphlets, aduiſoes and Letters, to couer their owne loſſe, and to derogate from others their due honours eſpecially in this fight beeing performed farre of; ſeeing they were not aſhamed in the yeare 1588. when they purpoſed the inuaſion of this land, to publiſh in ſundrie languages in print, great victories in wordes, which they pleaded to haue obteined againſt this Realme, and ſpredde the ſame in a moſt falſe ſort ouer all partes of *France*, *Italie*, and elſewhere. When ſhortly after it was happily mani-

feſted in verie deed to all Nations, how their Nauy which they termed inuincible, conſiſting of 240. ſaile of ſhips, not onely of their own kingdom, but ſtrengthened with the greateſt Argoſies, *Portugall* Caracts, Florentines and huge Hulkes of other countries: were by thirtie of her Maieſties owne ſhippes of warre, and a few of our owne Marchants, by the wiſe, valiant, and moſt aduantagious conduction of the L. *Charles Howard*, high Admirall of England, beaten and ſhuffeled togither, euen from the Lizard in *Cornwall*: firſt to *Portland*, where they ſhamefully left *Don Pedro de Valdes*, with his mightie ſhippe: from *Portland* to *Cales*, where they loſt *Hugo de Moncado*, with the Gallias of which he was Captain, and from *Cales*, driuen with ſquibs from their anchors: were chaſed out of the ſight of England, round about *Scotland* and *Ireland*. Where for the ſympathie of their barbarous religion, hoping to finde ſuccour and aſſiſtance: a great part of them were cruſht againſt the rocks, and thoſe other that landed, being verie manie in number, were notwithſtanding broken, ſlaine, and taken, and ſo ſent from village to village coupled in halters to be ſhipped into Engla[n]d. Where her Maieſtie of her Princely and inuincible diſpoſition, diſdaining to put them to death, and ſcorning either to retaine or entertaine them: [they] were all ſent backe againe to theire countries, to witneſſe and recount the worthy achieuements of their inuincible and dreadfull Navy. Of which the number of ſouldiers, the feareſull burthen of their ſhippes, the commanders names of euerie ſquadron, with all other their magaſines of prouiſion, were put in print, as an Army and Nauy vnreſiſtible, and diſdaining preuention. With all which ſo great and terrible an oſtentation, they did not in all their ſailing rounde about Engländ, ſo much as ſinke or take one ſhip, Barke, Pinnes, or Cockbote of ours: or euer burnt ſo much as one ſheepcote of this land. When as on the contrarie, Syr *Francis Drake*, with

only 800. ſouldiers not long before, landed in their Indies, and forced *Santiago*, *Santo Domingo*, *Cartagena*, and the Fortes of *Florida*.

And after that, Syr *Iohn Norris* marched from *Peniche* in *Portugall*, with a handfull of ſouldiers, to the gates of *Lisbone*, being aboue 40. Engliſh miles. Where the Earle of *Eſſex* himſelfe and other valiant Gentlemen, braued the Cittie of *Lisbone*, encamped at the verie gates; from whence after many daies abode, finding neither promiſed partie, nor prouiſion to batter: made retrait by land, in deſpight of all their Garriſons, both of Horſe and foote. In this ſort I haue a little digreſſed from my firſt purpoſe, only by the neceſſarie compariſon of theirs and our actions: the one couetous of honour without vaunt or oſtentation; the other ſo greedy to purchaſe the opinion of their own affaires, and by falſe rumors to reſiſt the blaſts of their owne diſhonors, as they wil not only not bluſh to ſpread all maner of vntruthes: but euen for the leaſt aduantage, be it but for the taking of one poore aduenturer of the Engliſh, will celebrate the victorie with bonefiers in euerie town, alwaies ſpending more in faggots, then the purchaſe was worth they obtained. When as we neuer yet thought it worth the conſumption of two billets, when we haue taken eight or ten of their Indian ſhippes at one time, and twentie of the Braſill fleet. Such is the difference betweene true valure, and oſtentation: and betweene honourable actions, and friuolous vaineglorious uaunts. But now to returne to my firſt purpoſe.

The L. *Thomas Howard*, with ſixe of her Maieſties ſhips, ſixe victualers of London, the barke Ralegh, and two or three Pinnaſſes riding at anchor nere vnto Flores, one of the Weſterlie Ilands of the Azores, the laſt of Auguſt in the after noone, had intelligence by one Captaine *Midleton*, of the approch of the Spaniſh Armada. Which *Midleton* being in a verie good Sailer, had kept them companie three daies before, of

good purpoſe, both to diſcouer their forces the more, as alſo to giue aduice to my L. *Thomas* of their approch. He had no ſooner deliuered the newes but the Fleet was in ſight: manie of our ſhippes companies were on ſhore in the Iland; ſome prouiding balaſt for their ſhips; others filling of water and refreſhing themſelues from the land with ſuch thinges as they coulde either for money, or by force recouer. By reaſon whereof our ſhips being all peſtered and romaging euerie thing out of order, verie light for want of balaſt. And that which was moſt to our diſaduantage, the one halfe part of the men of euerie ſhippe ſicke, and vtterly vnſeruiceable. For in the *Reuenge* there were nintie diſeaſed: in the *Bonauenture*, not ſo many in health as could handle her maine ſaile. For had not twentie men beene taken out of a Barke of Sir *George Caryes*, his being commanded to be ſunke, and thoſe appointed to her, ſhe had hardly euer recouered England. The reſt for the moſt part, were in little better ſtate. The names of her Maieſties ſhippes were theſe as followeth: the *Defiaunce*, which was Admirall, the *Reuenge* Viceadmirall, the *Bonauenture* commanded by Captaine *Croſſe*, the *Lion* by *George Fenner*, the *Foreſight* by M. *Thomas Vauiſour*, and the *Crane* by *Duffeild*. The *Foreſight* and the *Crane* being but ſmall ſhips; onely the other were of the middle ſize; the reſt, beſid[e]s the Barke *Ralegh*, commanded by Captaine *Thin*, were victualers, and of ſmall force or none. The Spaniſh fleete hauing ſhrouded their approch by reaſon of the Iland; were now ſo ſoone at hand, as our ſhips had ſcarce time to waye their anchors, but ſome of them were driuen to let ſlippe their Cables, and ſet ſayle. Sir *Richard Grinuile* was the laſt waied, to recouer the men that were vpon the Iland, which otherwiſe had beene loſt. The L. *Thomas* with the reſt verie hardly recouered the winde, which Sir *Richard Grinuile* not being able to do, was perſwaded by the maiſter and others to cut his

maine ſaile, and caſt about, and to truſt to the ſailing of his ſhippe: for the ſquadron of Siuil were on his wether bow. But Sir *Richard* vtterly refuſed to turne from the enimie, alledging that he would rather choſe to dye, then to diſhonour him ſelfe, his countrie, and her Maieſties ſhippe, perſwading his companie that he would paſſe through the two Squadrons, in deſpight of them: and enforce thoſe of *Siuill* to giue him way. Which he performed vpon diuerſe of the formoſt, who as the Marriners terme it, ſprang their luffe, and fell vnder the lee of the *Reuenge*. But the other courſe had beene the better, and might right well haue beene anſwered in ſo great an impoſsibilitie of preuailing. Notwithſtanding out of the greatneſſe of his minde, he could not bee perſwaded. In the meane while as hee attended thoſe which were neareſt him, the great *San Philip* being in the winde of him, and comming towards him, becalmed his ſailes in ſuch ſort, as the ſhippe could neither way nor feele the helme: ſo huge and high carged was the Spaniſh ſhip, being of a thouſand and fiue hundreth tuns. Who afterlaid the *Reuenge* aboord. When he was thus bereft of his ſailes, the ſhips that wer vnder his lee luffing vp, alſo laid him aborde: of which the next was the Admirall of the Biſcaines, a verie mightie and puyſant ſhippe commanded by *Brittan Dona*. The ſaid *Philip* carried three tire of ordinance on a ſide, and eleuen peeces in euerie tire. She ſhot eight forth right out of her chaſe, beſides thoſe of her Sterne portes.

After the *Reuenge* was intangled with this *Philip*, foure other boorded her; two on her larboord, and two on her ſtarboord. The fight thus beginning at three of the clocke in the after noone, continued verie terrible all that euening. But the great *San Philip* hauing receyued the lower tire of the *Reuenge*, diſcharged with croſſebarſhot, ſhifted hir ſelfe with all diligence from her ſides, vtterly miſliking hir firſt entertainment. Some ſay that the ſhippe foundred,

but wee cannot report it for truth, vnleſſe we were aſſured. The Spaniſh ſhips were filled with companies of ſouldiers, in ſome two hundred beſides the Marriners; in ſome fiue, in others eight hundreth. In ours there were none at all, beſide the Marriners, but the ſeruants of the commanders and ſome fewe voluntarie Gentlemen only. After many enterchanged voleies of great ordinance and ſmall ſhot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Reuenge*, and made diuers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed ſouldiers and Musketiers, but were ſtill repulſed againe and againe, and at all times beaten backe, into their owne ſhippes, or into the ſeas. In the beginning of the fight, the *George Noble* of *London*, hauing receiued ſome ſhot thorow her by the Armados, fell vnder the Lee of the *Reuenge*, and asked Syr *Richard* what he would command him, being but one of the victulers and of ſmall force: Syr *Richard* bid him ſaue himſelfe, and leaue him to his fortune. After the fight had thus without intermiſſion, continued while the day laſted and ſome houres of the night, many of our men were ſlaine and hurt, and one of the great Gallions of the Armada, and the Admirall of the Hulkes both ſunke, and in many other of the Spaniſh ſhips great ſlaughter was made. Some write that ſir *Richard* was verie dangerouſly hurt almoſt in the beginning of the fight, and laie ſpeechleſſe for a time ere he recouered. But two of the *Reuenges* owne companie, brought home in a ſhip of Lime from the Ilandes, examined by ſome of the Lordes, and others: affirmed that he was neuer ſo wounded as that hee forſooke the vpper decke, til an houre before midnight; and then being ſhot into the bodie with a Muſket as hee was a dreſſing, was againe ſhot into the head, and withall his Chirugion wounded to death. This agreeth alſo with an examination taken by Syr *Frances Godolphin*, of 4. other Marriners of the ſame ſhippe being returned, which examination, the ſaid Syr *Frances* ſent vnto maiſter *William Killigrue*, of her Maieſties priuie Chamber.

But to return to the fight, the Spaniſh ſhips which attempted to board the *Reuenge*, as they were wounded and beaten of, ſo alwaies others came in their places, ſhe hauing neuer leſſe then two mightie Gallions by her ſides, and aboard her. So that ere the morning from three of the clocke the day before, there had fifteene ſeuerall Armados aſſailed her; and all ſo ill approued their entertainment, as they were by the breake of day, far more willing to harken to a compoſition, then haſtily to make any more aſſaults or entries. But as the day encreaſed, ſo our men decreaſed: and as the light grew more and more, by ſo much more grew our diſcomforts. For none appeared in ſight but enemies, ſauing one ſmall ſhip called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by *Iacob Whiddon*, who houered all night to ſee the ſucceſſe: but in the mornyng bearing with the *Reuenge*, was hunted like a hare amongſt many rauenous houndes, but eſcaped.

All the powder of the *Reuenge* to the laſt barrell was now ſpent, all her pikes broken, fortie of her beſt men ſlaine, and the moſt part of the reſt hurt. In the beginning of the fight ſhe had but one hundreth free from ſicknes, and foureſcore and ten ſicke, laid in hold vpon the Ballaſt. A ſmall troupe to man ſuch a ſhip, and a weake Garriſon to reſiſt ſo mighty an Army. By thoſe hundred all was ſuſtained, the voleis, bourdings, and entrings of fifteene ſhippes of warre, beſides thoſe which beat her at large. On the contrarie, the Spaniſh were alwaies ſupplied with ſouldiers brought from euerie ſquadron: all maner of Armes and pouder at will. Vnto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no ſupply either of ſhips, men, or weapons; the maſtes all beaten ouer board, all her tackle cut a ſunder, her vpper worke altogither raſed, and in effect euened ſhee was with the water, but the verie foundation or bottom of a ſhip, nothing being left ouer head either for flight or defence. Syr *Richard* finding himſelfe in this diſtreſſe, and vnable

anie longer to make reſiſtance, hauing endured in this fifteene houres fight, the aſſault of fifteene ſeuerall Armadoes, all by tornnes aboorde him, and by eſtimation eight hundred ſhot of great artillerie, beſides manie aſſaults and entries. And that himſelfe and the ſhippe muſt needes be poſſeſſed by the enemie, who were now all caſt in a ring round about him; The *Reuenge* not able to moue one way or other, but as ſhe was moued with the waues and billow of the ſea: commanded the maiſter Gunner, whom he knew to be a moſt reſolute man, to ſplit and ſinke the ſhippe; that thereby nothing might remaine of glorie or victorie to the Spaniards: ſeeing in ſo manie houres fight, and with ſo great a Nauie they were not able to take her, hauing had fifteene houres time, fifteene thouſand men, and fiftie and three ſaile of men of warre to performe it withall. And perſwaded the companie, or as manie as he could induce, to yeelde themſelues vnto God, and to the mercie of none els; but as they had like valiant reſolute men, repulſed ſo manie enimies, they ſhould not now ſhorten the honour of their nation, by prolonging their owne liues for a few houres, or a few daies. The maiſter Gunner readilie condeſcended and diuers others; but the Captaine and the Maiſter were of an other opinion, and beſought Sir *Richard* to haue care of them: alleaging that the Spaniard would be as readie to entertaine a compoſition, as they were willing to offer the ſame: and that there being diuerſe ſufficient and valiant men yet liuing, and whoſe woundes were not mortall, they might doe their countrie and prince acceptable ſeruice hereafter. And (that where Sir *Richard* had alleaged that the Spaniards ſhould neuer glorie to haue taken one ſhippe of her Maieſties, ſeeing that they had ſo long and ſo notably defended them ſelues) they anſwered, that the ſhippe had ſixe foote water in hold, three ſhot vnder water which were ſo weakly ſtopped, as with the firſt working of the ſea, ſhe muſt needes

ſinke, and was beſides ſo cruſht and bruſed, as ſhe could neuer be remoued out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in diſpute, and Sir *Richard* refuſing to hearken to any of thoſe reaſons: the maiſter of the *Reuenge* (while the Captaine wan vnto him the greater party) was conuoyde aborde the Generall *Don Alfonſo Baſſan.* Who finding none ouer haſtie to enter the *Reuenge* againe, doubting leaſt S. *Richard* would haue blowne them vp and himſelfe, and perceiuiug by the report of the maiſter of the *Reuenge* his daungerous diſpoſition: yeelded that all all their liues ſhould be ſaued, the companie ſent for England, and the better ſorte to pay ſuch reaſonable ranſome as their eſtate would beare, and in the meane ſeaſon to be free from Gally or impriſonment. To this he ſo much the rather condeſcended as well as I haue ſaide, for feare of further loſſe and miſchiefe to them ſelues, as alſo for the deſire hee had to recouer Sir *Richard Grinuile*; whom for his notable valure he ſeemed greatly to honour and admire.

When this anſwere was returned, and that ſafetie of life was promiſed, the common ſort being now at the end of their perill, the moſt drew backe from Sir *Richard* and the maiſter Gunner, being no hard matter to diſwade men from death to life. The maiſter Gunner finding him ſelfe and Sir *Richard* thus preuented and maiſtered by the greater number, would haue ſlaine himſelfe with a ſword, had he not beene by force withheld and locked into his Cabben. Then the Generall ſent manie boates abord the *Reuenge*, and diuerſe of our men fearing Sir *Richards* diſpoſition, ſtole away aboord the Generall and other ſhippes. Sir *Richard* thus ouermatched, was ſent vnto by *Alonſo Baſſan* to remoue out of the *Reuenge*, the ſhippe being maruellous vnſauerie, filled with bloud and bodies of deade, and wounded men like a ſlaughter houſe. Sir *Richard* anſwered that he might do with his bodie what he liſt, for he eſteemed it not, and as

he was carried out of the ſhippe he ſwounded, and reuiuing againe deſired the companie to pray for him. The Generall vſed Sir *Richard* with all humanitie, and left nothing vnattempted that tended to his recouerie, highly commending his valour and worthines, and greatly bewailed the daunger wherein he was, beeing vnto them a rare ſpectacle, and a reſolution ſildome approued, to ſee one ſhip turne toward ſo many enemies, to endure the charge and boording of ſo many huge Armados, and to reſiſt and repell the aſſaults and entries of ſo many ſouldiers. All which and more, is confirmed by a Spaniſh Captaine of the ſame Armada, and a preſent actor in the fight, who being ſeuered from the reſt in a ſtorm, was by the *Lyon* of London a ſmall ſhip taken, and is now priſoner in London.

The generall commander of the Armada, was *Don Alphonſo Baſſan*, brother to the Marqueſſe of *Santa Cruce*. The Admirall of the *Biſcaine* ſquadron, was *Britan Dona*. Of the ſquadron of *Siuil*, Marques of *Arumburch*. The Hulkes and Flybotes were commaunded by *Luis Cutino*. There were ſlaine and drowned in this fight, well neere two thouſand of the enemies, and two eſpeciall commanders *Don Luis de ſant Iohn*, and *Don George de Prunaria de Mallaga*, as the Spaniſh Captain confeſſeth, beſides diuers others of ſpeciall account, wherof as yet report is not made.

The Admirall of the Hulkes and the Aſcention of *Siuill*, were both ſuncke by the ſide of the *Reuenge*; one other recouered the rode of Saint *Michels*, and ſuncke alſo there; a fourth ranne her ſelfe with the ſhore to ſaue her men. Syr *Richard* died as it is ſaid, the ſecond or third day aboard the Generall, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his bodie, whether it were buried in the ſea or on the lande wee know not: the comfort that remaineth to his friendes is, that he hath ended his life honourably in reſpect of the reputation wonne to his nation and country, and

of the ſame to his poſteritie, and that being dead, he hath not outliued his owne honour.

For the reſt of her Maieſties ſhips that entred not ſo far into the fight as the *Reuenge*, the reaſons and cauſes were theſe. There were of them but ſix in all, wherof two but ſmal ſhips; the *Reuenge* ingaged paſt recouerie: The Iland of *Flores* was on the one ſide, 53. faile of the Spaniſh, diuided into ſquadrons on the other, all as full filled with ſoldiers as they could containe. Almoſt the one halfe of our men ſicke and not able to ſerue: the ſhips growne foule, vnroomaged, and ſcarcely able to beare anie faile for want of ballaſt, hauing beene ſixe moneths at the ſea before. If al the reſt had entred, all had been loſt. For the verie hugenes of the Spaniſh fleet, if no other violence had been offred, would haue cruſht them between them into ſhiuers. Of which the diſhonour and loſſe to the Queene had been far greater then the ſpoile or harme that the enemy could any way haue receiued. Notwithſtanding it is verie true, that the Lord *Thomas* would haue entred betweene the ſquadrons, but the reſt wold not condeſcend; and the maiſter of his owne ſhip offred to leape into the ſea, rather then to conduct that her Maieſties ſhip and the reſt to be a praie to the enemy, where there was no hope nor poſſibilitie either of defence or victorie. Which alſo in my opinion had il ſorted or anſwered the diſcretion and truſt of a Generall, to commit himſelfe and his charge to an aſſured deſtruction, without hope or any likelihood of preuailing: therby to diminiſh the ſtrength of her Maieſties Nauy, and to enrich the pride and glorie of the enemie. The Foreſight of the Queenes commanded by M. *Th. Vauiſor*, performed a verie great fight, and ſtayd two houres as neere the *Reuenge* as the wether wold permit him, not forſaking the fight, till hee was like to be encompaſſed by the ſquadrons, and with great difficultie cleared himſelfe. The reſt gaue diuers voleies of ſhot, and entred as far as the

place permitted and their own neceſſities, to keep the weather gage of the enemy, vntill they were parted by night. A fewe daies after the fight was ended, and the Engliſh priſoners diſperſed into the Spaniſh and Indy ſhips, there aroſe ſo great a ſtorme from the Weſt and Northweſt, that all the fleet was diſperſed, as well the Indian fleet which were then come vnto them as the reſt of the Armada that attended their arriuall, of which 14. ſaile togither with the *Reuenge*, and in her 200. Spaniards, were caſt away vpon the Iſle of S. *Michaels*. So it pleaſed them to honor the buriall of that renowned ſhip the *Reuenge*, not ſuffring her to periſh alone, for the great honour ſhe achieued in her life time. On the reſt of the Ilandes there were caſt away in this ſtorme, 15. or 16. more of the ſhips of war; and of a hundred and odde ſaile of the Indie fleet, expected this yeere in *Spaine*, what in this tempeſt, and what before in the bay of *Mexico*, and about the *Bermudas* there were 70. and odde conſumed and loſt, with thoſe taken by our ſhips of London, beſides one verie rych *Indian* ſhippe, which ſet her ſelfe on fire, beeing boorded by the Pilgrim, and fiue other taken by Maiſter *Wats* his ſhips of London, between the *Hauaua* and *Cape* S. *Antonio*. The 4. of this month of Nouember, we receiued letters from the *Tercera*, affirming yat there are 3000. bodies of men remaining in that Iland, ſaued out of the periſhed ſhips: and that by the Spaniards own confeſſion, there are 10000. caſt away in this ſtorm, beſides thoſe that are periſhed betweene the Ilands and the maine. Thus it hath pleaſed God to fight for vs, and to defend the iuſtice of our cauſe, againſt the ambicious and bloudy pretenſes of the Spaniard, who ſeeking to deuour all nations, are themſelues deuoured. A manifeſt teſtimonie how iniuſt and and diſpleaſing, their attempts are in the ſight of God, who hath pleaſed to witnes by the ſucceſſe of their affaires, his miſlike of their bloudy and iniurious deſignes, pur-

poſed and practiſed againſt all Chriſtian Princes, ouer whom they ſeeke vnlawfull and vngodly rule and Empery.

One day or two before this wrack hapned to the ſpaniſh fleet, when as ſome of our priſoners deſired to be ſet on ſhore vpon the Ilands, hoping to be from thenſe tranſported into England, which libertie was formerly by the Generall promiſed: One *Morice Fitz Iohn*, ſonne of old *Iohn* of *Deſmond* a notable traitor, couſen german to the late Earle of *Deſmond*, was ſent to the Engliſh from ſhip to ſhip, to perſuade them to ſerue the King of *Spaine*. The arguments he vſed to induce them, were theſe. The increaſe of pay which he promiſed to bee trebled: aduancement to the better ſort: and the exerciſe of the true Catholicke religion, and ſafetie of their ſoules to all. For the firſt, euen the beggerly and vnnaturall behauiour of thoſe Engliſh and Iriſh rebels, that ſerued the King in that preſent action, was ſufficient to anſwere that firſt argument of rich paie. For ſo poore and beggerly they were, as for want of apparel they ſtripped their poore country men priſoners out of their ragged garments, worne to nothing by ſix months ſeruice, and ſpared not to deſpoile them euen of their bloudie ſhirts, from their wounded bodies, and the very ſhooes from their feete; A notable teſtimonie of their rich entertainment and great wages. The ſecond reaſon was hope of aduancement if they ſerued well, and would continue faithfull to the King. But what man can be ſo blockiſhly ignorant euer to expect place or honour from a forraine king, hauing no argument or perſwaſion then his owne diſloyaltie; to bee vnnaturall to his owne countrie that bredde him; to his parents that begat him, and rebellious to his true prince, to whoſe obedience he is bound by othe, by nature, by religion. No, they are onely aſſured to be imployed in all deſperate enterpriſes, to be held in ſcorne and diſdaine euer among thoſe whom they ſerue. And

that euer traitor was either truſted or aduanced I could neuer yet reade, neither can I at this time remember any example. And no man could haue leſſe becommed the place of an Orator for ſuch a purpoſe, then this *Morice* of *Deſmond*. For the Earle his coſen being one of the greateſt ſubiects in that kingdom of *Ireland*, hauing almoſt whole contries in his poſſeſſion; ſo many goodly manners, Caſtles, and Lordſhips; the Count Palatine of *Kerry*, fiue hundred gentlemen of of his owne name and familie to follow him, beſides others. All which he poſſeſſed in peace for three or foure hundred yeares: was in leſſe then three yeares after his adhering to the Spaniards and rebellion, beaten from all his holdes, not ſo many as ten gentlemen of his name left liuing, him ſelfe taken and beheaded by a ſouldiour of his owne nation, and his land giuen by a Parlament to her Maieſtie, and poſſeſſed by the Engliſh. His other Coſen Sir *Iohn* of *Deſmond* taken by M. *Iohn Zouch*, and his body hanged ouer the gates of his natiue citie to bee deuoured by Rauens: the third brother of Sir *Iames* hanged, drawne, and quartered in the ſame place. If he had withall vaunted of this ſucceſſe of his owne houſe, no doubt the argument woulde haue moued much, and wrought great effect; which becauſe he for that preſent forgot, I thought it good to remember in his behalfe. For matter of religion it would require a particuler volume, if I ſhould ſet downe how irreligiouſly they couer their greedy and ambicious pretences, with that vayle of pietie. But ſure I am, that there is no kingdom or common wealth in all Europe, but if they bee reformed, they then inuade it for religion ſake: if it be, as they terme Catholike, they pretende title; as if the Kinges of *Caſtile* were the naturall heires of all the worlde: and ſo betweene both, no kingdom is vnfought. where they dare not with their owne forces to inuade, they baſely entertaine the traitors and vacabondes of all nations; ſeeking by thoſe and by their runnagate *Ieſuits* to win partes,

and haue by that meane ruined many Noble houſes and others in this land, and haue extinguiſhed both their liues and families. What good, honour, or fortune euer man yet by them achiued, is yet vnheard of, or vnwritten. And if our Engliſh Papiſtes do but looke into *Portugall*, againſt whom they haue no pretence of religion, how the Nobilitie are put to death, impriſoned, their rich men made a pray, and all ſortes of people captiued; they ſhall find that the obedience euen of the Turke is eaſie and a libertie, in reſpect of the ſlauerie and tyrannie of *Spaine*. What they haue done in *Sicill*, in *Naples*, *Millayne*, and in the low countries; who hath there beene ſpared for religion at all? And it commeth to my remembrance of a certaine Burger of *Antwerpe*, whoſe houſe being entred by a companie of Spaniſh ſouldiers, when they firſt ſacked the Citie, hee beſought them to ſpare him and his goodes, being a good Catholike, and one of their own partie and faction. The Spaniardes anſwered, that they knew him to be of a good conſcience for him ſelfe, but his money, plate, iewels, and goodes were all hereticall, and therfore good prize. So they abuſed and tormented the fooliſh Flemming, who hoped that an *Agnus Dei* had beene a ſufficient Target againſt all force of that holie and charitable nation. Neither haue they at any time as they proteſt inuaded the kingdomes of the *Indies* and *Peru*, and els where, but onely led thereunto, rather, to reduce the people to Chriſtianitie, then for either golde or emperie. When as in one onely Iland called *Hiſpaniola*, they haue waſted thirtie hundred thouſand of the naturall people, beſides manie millions els in other places of the *Indies*: a poore and harmeleſſe people created of God, and might haue beene won to his knowledge, as many of them were, and almoſt as manie as euer were perſwaded thereunto. The Storie whereof is at large written by a Biſhop of their owne nation called *Bartholome de las Caſas*, and tranſlated into Engliſh and manie other languages, intituled *The Spaniſh*

cruelties. Who would therefore repoſe truſt in ſuch a nation of rauinous ſtraungers, and eſpecially in thoſe Spaniardes which more greedily thirſt after Engliſh bloud, then after the liues of anie other people of Europe; for the manie ouerthrowes and diſhonours they haue receiued at our handes, whoſe weakneſſe we haue diſcouered to the world, and whoſe forces at home, abroad, in *Europe*, in *India*, by ſea and land; we haue euen with handfulles of men and ſhippes, ouerthrowne and diſhonoured. Let not therefore anie Engliſh man of what religion ſoeuer, haue other other opinion of the Spaniards, but that thoſe whom hee ſeeketh to winne of our nation, hee eſteemeth baſe and traiterous, vnworthie perſons, or vnconſtant fooles: and that he vſeth his pretence of religion, for no other purpoſe, but to bewitch vs from the obedience of our naturall prince; thereby hoping in time to bring vs to ſlauerie and ſubiection, and then none ſhall be vnto them ſo odious, and diſdained as the traitours themſelues, who haue ſolde their countrie to a ſtraunger, and forſaken their faith and obedience contrarie to nature or religion; and contrarie to that humane and generall honour, not onely of Chriſtians, but of heathen and irreligious nations, who haue alwaies ſuſtained what labour ſoeuer, and embraced euen death it ſelfe, for their countrie, prince or common-wealth. To conclude, it hath euer to this day pleaſed God, to proſper and defend her Maieſtie, to breake the purpoſes of malicious enimies, of foreſworne traitours, and of iniuſt practiſes and inuaſions. She hath euer beene honoured of the worthieſt Kinges, ſerued by faithfull ſubiects, and ſhall by the fauour of God, reſiſt, repell, and confound all whatſoeuer attempts againſt her ſacred Perſon or kingdome. In the meane time, let the Spaniard and traitour vaunt of their ſucceſſe; and we her true and obedient vaſſalles guided by the ſhining light of her vertues, ſhall alwaies loue her, ſerue her, and obey her to the end of our liues.

FINIS.

A particuler note of the Indian fleet, expected to haue come into Spaine this preſent yere of 1591. *with the number of ſhips that periſhed at the ſame: according to the examination of certaine Spanyards, lately taken and brought into England by the ſhippes of* London.

THe fleet of *Noua Hiſpania*, at their gathering togither and ſetting foorth, were 52. ſailes. The Admiral was of 600. tuns, and the Vice Admirall of the ſame burthen. Foure or fiue of the ſhips were of 900. and 1000. tunnes a peece, ſome 500. and 400. and the leaſt of 200. tunnes. Of this fleet 19. were caſt away, and in them 2600. men by eſtimation, which was done along the coaſt of *Noua Hiſpania*, ſo that of the ſame fleet, there came to the *Hauana*, but three and thirtie ſailes.

The fleete of *Terra Firma*, were at their firſt departure from *Spain*, 50. ſailes, which were bound for *Nombre de Dios*, where they did diſcharge their lading, and thence returned to *Cartagena*, for their healths ſake, vntill the time the treaſure was readie they ſhould take in, at the *Nombre de Dios*. But before this fleet departed, ſome were gone by one or two at a time, ſo that only 23. ſailes of this fleete arriued in the *Hauana*.

At the Hauana there met
- 33. ſailes of *Noua Hiſpania*.
- 23. ſailes of *Terra Firma*.
- 12. ſailes of *San Domingo*.
- 9. ſailes of *Hunduras*.

In the whole 77. ſhips, which ioyned and ſet ſailes togither, at the *Hauana*, the 17. of Iuly, according to our account, and kept togither vntill they came into the height of 35. degrees, which was about the tenth of Auguſt, where they found the winde at Southweſt, chaunged ſodenly to the North, ſo that the ſea comming out of the Southweſt, and the winde very violent at North, they were put all into great extremity, and then firſt loſt the Generall of their fleet, with 500. men in her; and within three or foure daies after an other ſtorme riſing, there were fiue or ſix other of the biggeſt ſhips caſt away with all their men, togither with their vice Admirall.

And in the height of 48. degrees about the end of Auguſt, grew an other great ſtorme, in which all the fleet ſauing 48. ſailes were caſt away: which 48. ſailes kept togither, vntill they came in ſight of the Ilands of *Coruo* and *Flores*, about the 5. or 6. of September, at which time a great ſtorme ſeperated them; of which number 15. or 16. were after ſeene by theſe Spanyards to ride at anchor vnder the *Terçera*; and twelue or foureteene more to beare with the Iland of S. *Michaels*; what became of them after that theſe Spaniards were taken, cannot yet be certified; their opinion is, that verie few of the fleet are eſcaped, but are either drowned or taken. And it is otherwaies of late certified, that of this whole fleet that ſhould haue come into *Spaine* this yeare, being 123. ſaile, there are as yet arriued but 25. This note was taken out of the examination of certaine Spaniards, that were brought into England by ſix of the ſhips of London, which tooke ſeuen of the aboue named Indian fleet, neere the Ilands of *Açores*.

FINIS.

LONDON
Printed for William Ponſonbie.
1591.

The last Fight of the Revenge *at sea.*

Gervase Markham.

The most honourable Tragedy of
Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE, *Kt.*
1595.

[The enſuing poem was undoubtedly baſed on the preceding tract. Whatever may be its merits, it does certainly help us to realize the long duration of the Fight.

A ſuccinct account of Gervaſe Markham is given by the Rev. D. F. Markham in his privately printed *Hiſtory of the Markham Family*, London, 1854, from which we quote the following from the chapter devoted to the Markhams of Cotham in Nottinghamſhire.

"GERVASE MARKHAM, the third ſon of Robert, born about the year 1566, was, like his brother Francis, both a ſoldier and a ſcholar. In the former capacity, after having been engaged in the wars on the European battle-ground of the Low Countries, he followed Eſſex into Ireland, and ſerved under his command with credit, in company with his brothers Francis and Godfrey.

He is better known however in the literature of his day, and, though he never arrived at a very high pitch of fame, he was not only a voluminous, but a very popular writer." *p.* 34.

"Gervase's education was of the higheſt order, for he was not only eſteemed a good claſſical ſcholar, but was perfect maſter of the French, Italian, and Spaniſh languages. He was never at a loſs for a ſubject for his pen, and none appears to have been ever rejected by him. Huſbandry, houſewifery, farriery, horſemanſhip, military tactics, hunting, hawking, fowling, fiſhing, archery, heraldry, poetry, romances, and the drama, all ſhared his attention, and exerciſed his genius and induſtry." *p.* 38.

"... The next moſt voluminous ſubject [to horſemanſhip] that engaged our author's attention was huſbandry, on which he publiſhed not leſs than ſeven or eight ſeparate works, which, with his books on horſes, were in the higheſt repute till the beginning of the preſent century, and paſſed through an incredible number of editions. It would be tedious here to enter into their various merits: it will be ſufficient to mention their names: *The Engliſh Huſbandman*, 1613; *The Country Farm*, 1616; *Cheap and Good Huſbandry*, 13 editions; *A Farewell to Huſbandry*, 10 editions; *The Way to get Wealth*, 14 editions; *The whole Art of Huſbandry*; *The Enrichment of the Weald of Kent*, 5 editions; and *The Engliſh Houſewife*." *p.* 37.

The preſent work was thus regiſtered for publication:

9 September 1595.

JAMES ROBARTES entred for his copie under the Wardens handes a booke intituled *The moſte honourable Tragidie of Sir Richard Grinvyle Knighte* . . . . . vj[d]

THE

Moſt Honorable Tragedie of Sir Richard Grinuile, Knight.

(·.·)

Bramo aſſai, poco ſpero,
nulla chieggio.

At London,
Printed by I. Roberts,
for Richard Smith.
1595.

The Epiſtle.

To the Right Honorable his ſinguler good Lord, *Charles*, Lord Montioy.

THE zeale (moſt excellent Lord) which in my ſoule hath euer beene deuoted to your ſeruice, intangl'd with your honorable fauors to mine vnable deſeruings, hath giuen fier to my hart, and wings to my youngling Muſe, to raiſe her leaden humor aboue the ordinarie pitch of her dull Anthems, and ſing of a ſubiect, the height of whoſe action, might, if I had might, make my verſe moſt mightie, graunt then (renowned Lord) that thine eyes may lighten on my layes, and thy graces keepe from ſcandall my poore wydowed Orphan: pyttie renowned Grinuile, in his death-renowning hower, and excuſe his rough Poet, whoſe ſences are vnſhapt, for more ſofter melodie, ſo ſhall hee liue happie, and I vnfaultie; both ſatisfied.

Your Lordſhips eternally,

Ieruis Markham.

TO THE RIGHT HONorable, Robert, Earle of Suſſex.

GReat Lord, to whom infinitiues of fame
Flock like night ſtarres about the ſiluer Moone,
That giueſt new fier to learnings late quencht flame,
Sauing the Muſe by ſtonie times vndoone,
Let me finde fauour in thine honord fight,
Daring my rimes vnto thy ſacred hand:
And whilſt their accents talke of valures might,
Yeeld them ſome ſplendour from thy valures brand,
Thou in their lines, they in thine eyes ſhall ſee,
Nothing but honors vncontrouled minde,
Thou lending, they exacting ſtill from thee,
Subſtance, that might to mightines doth blinde,
And for his ſake whoſe praiſe my Muſe hath fought
Fauour my worke, the image of thy thought.

I. M.

✻ To the right Honorable, Henrie Wriotheſly, Earle of South-hampton,

and Baron of Titchfielde.

THou glorious Laurell of the Muſes hill,
Whoſe eyes doth crowne the moſt victorius pen,
Bright Lampe of Vertue, in whoſe ſacred skiil,
Liues all the bliſſe of eares-inchaunting men,
From grauer ſubiects of thy graue aſſayes,
Bend thy coragious thoughts vnto theſe lines,
The graue from whence mine humble Muſe doth raiſe,
True honors ſpirit in her rough deſeignes;
And when the ſtubborne ſtroke of my harſh ſong,
Shall ſeaſonleſſe glide through almightie eares,
Vouchſafe to ſweet it with thy bleſſed tong,
VVhoſe wel tun'd ſound ſtills muſick in the ſphears,
So ſhall my tragick layes be bleſt by thee,
And from thy lips ſuck theyr eternitie.

I. M.

To the honorable Knight, Sir *Edward VVingfield.*

WHen *Alexander* read *Achilles* prayſe,
VVith honours enuie, and a loftie hart,
He ſhed ſtout teares, in ruth of ſtonie dayes
VVhich to his acts no Muſicke could impart,
So all my all, eſſence of what I am,
Though our *Achilles* praiſe play in thine eye,
Feare not records for thine inrouled name,
VVhich ſhall out-liue immortall Poeſie,
A thouſand Sirens in the worlds laſt age,
Shall ſing of thee, thy valure, and thy skill,
And to their lines, lay Angells eares in gage,
With ſoueraign charmes ſent from a ſoueraigne quill;
Meane while, vouchſafe to grace my worke and me,
Gracing the ſoule beloued of heauen and thee.

I. M.

The argument of the whole Tragedie.

SIR Richard *Grinuile*, lying at anchor neere vnto *Flores*, one of the weſterlie Ilands of the *Azores*, the laſt of Auguſt in the after noone, had inteligence by one Captayne *Midelton* of the aproch of the Spaniſh *Armada*, beeing in number fiftie three ſaile of great ſhips, and fifteene thouſand men to man them. Sir *Richard*, ſtaying to recouer his men which were vpon the Iland, and diſdayning to flie from his Countries enemy, not beeing able to recouer the winde, was inſtantlie inuironed with that hudge Nauie, betweene whom began a dreadfull fight, continuing the ſpace of fifteene howers, in which conflict, Sir *Richard* ſunck the great *San Phillip* of *Spaine*, the *Aſcention* of *Siuel*, the Admirall of the *Hulks*, and two other great *Armados*; about midnight Sir *Richard* receiued a wound through the bodie, and as he was in dreſſing, was ſhot againe into the head, and his Surgion ſlaine. Sir *Richard* mayntained the fight, till he had not one corne of powder left, nor one whole pike, nor fortie lyuing men; which ſeeing, hee would haue ſunke his owne ſhip, but that was gaine-ſtood by the Maiſter thereof, who contrarie to his will came to compoſition with the *Spanyards*, and ſo ſaued thoſe which were left aliue. Sir *Richard* dyed aboard the Admyrall of *Spayne*, about the fourth day after the battaile, and was mightlie bewaild of all men.

¶ The moſt Honourable Tragedie of Sir Richard Grinuile, Knight.

✻ To the fayreſt.

Heauenlie fier is crope into my braine,
A heate diuine and all celeſtiall,
A burning furie ſpreads throgh euery vaine,
A turret-climbing thought maieſticall,
All theſe infuſe a ſpirit-giuing raine,
Vnto my humble wits great feſtiuall.
Whoſe reede vnpleaſing hermonie hath found,
Thus to transforme her into warlike ſound.

Of wonders, miracles, and famous chiualrie,
Of Honours Image, and of Vertues iarres,
(Things paſt beliefe, yet pure in certaintie)
Of Death dead-ſlaine by Death, of glorious ſcarres,
Of mortall, made immortall Dietie,
And all containd in Valures ſtaineleſſe warres,
My homelie Muſe ſtretching her oaten ſtring,
Vnlearn't to thunder, mildlie meanes to ſing.

Reſt thee dread boy, the nights eternall Lord,
Faire feathered *Cupid* thy *Licænas* ioy,
Of thy tryumphant Chariot richlie ſtord,
VVith bleeding hearts that breathing ſighes deſtroy,
Nor thee, nor of thy kingdome I record,
Nor louers teares, nor loue, nor loues annoy.
Nor ought that in the vaſt world may be found.
Where tears in ſighes, and ſighes in tears are drownd.

Fit ſubiects thoſe for Poets golden quills,
Such as haue trod the true *Pierian* race,
VVhoſe ſacred braines thoſe numbers tun'd diſtills,
VVhich giues conceit the child of heauen her grace.
But now this flame that all my bodie fills,
Is *Englands* weeping ioy, and *Spaynes* diſgrace.
Fearefull alarums, and the wet worlds ſacke,
Swells in my ſong, the Dirge for glories wracke.

To thee faire Nymph, my loue, my life, my gaze,
My ſoules firſt mouer, eſſence of my bliſſe,
Thought-chaſt *Dictinna*, Natures onlie maze,
Heauen of all what euer heauenlie is,
More white then *Atlas* browe, or *Pelops* blaze,
Compleat perfection which all creatures miſſe.
More louelie then was bright *Astioche*,
Or *Iunos* hand-mayd ſacred *Diope*.

To thee which neuer lifts thine eyes to heauen,
But harts of Kings are ſhowred in the ſame,
Fairer then Sunne, Moone, Starres, or Planets ſeauen,
True brand of Vertue, Honours liuing flame,
O thou whom hate adors, whoſe praiſe is euen
Matcht with the glories of the greateſt name,
Thou like thy ſelfe, or better much by ods,
Nere made without a Parliament of Gods.

To thee this labour of my Sunne-burnt braine,
Ill limn'd memorials of diuineſt rage,
I offer as oblations to detaine,
Thy life-inſpiring ſight, (my peaces gage)
From thoſe celeſtiall mirrors which remaine,
Obiects made happie in thy lookes ſuffrage,
Of *Grinuile*, armes and honors ſoueraigne,
My ſower Muſe ſhapes this Nectar ſeeking ſtraine.

Euen of that man and his almightie minde,
Boundleſſe like heauen in magnanimitie,
Conuerting all things of what euer kinde,
VVithin his bodie held ſocietie,
To glad-ſome ſtarres in cleereſt skyes aſſign'd,
VVanting but onely true-eternitie.
Of him I ſing (*Faireſt*) but reade I pray.
Thine eyes makes happy, all yat thine eyes ſuruay.

And with her thou great Soueraigne of the earth,
Onelie immatchleſſe Monarcheſſe of harts,
From whoſe faire eyes iſſued the Muſes birth,
Murderd by Iron-age, and barb'rous darts,
Yeeld from thy beams plentie to my wits dearth,
That I may ſing values almightie parts,
And Chronicle thoſe tropheys to thy throne,
VVhich from this Ile, and his great ſpyrit ſhone.

And thou deare *Soule*, the portraiture of Fame,
For whom *Ioue* made a newe fourth Hirarchie,
Of whoſe loſt drops millions of vertues came,
Extold in heauen beyond the third degree,
Now giue thy ſelfe a light in this ſelfe flame,
That thou maiſt liue beyond poſteritie;
And whilſt I of th' vnconquered conqueſt write,
Sit on my hand and teach me to indite.

The Tragedy of Sir Richard Grinuile.

THat time of yeare when the inamored Sunne [fiers,
Clad in the richeſt roabes of liuing
Courted ye Virgin ſigne, great Naturs Nunne,
Which barrains earth of al what earth deſires
Euen in the month that from *Augustus* wonne,
His ſacred name which vnto heauen aſpires,
And on the laſt of his ten trebled days,
VVhen wearie labour new refreſh aſſayes.

Then when the earth out-brau'd ye beautious Morne,
Boaſting his cornie Mantle ſtird with aire,
Which like a golden Ocean did adorne,
His cold drie carcaſſe, featureleſſe, vnfaire,
Holding the naked ſhearers ſcithe in ſcorne,
Or ought that might his borrowed pride empaire,
The ſoule of vertue ſeeing earth ſo ritch,
VVith his deare preſence gilds the ſea as mitch.

The ſea, which then was heauie, ſad, and ſtill,
Dull, vnapplyed to ſportiue wantonneſſe,
As if her firſt-borne *Venus* had beene ill,
Or *Neptune* ſeene the *Sonne* his loue poſſeſſe,
Or greater cares, that greateſt comforts kill,
Had crowned with griefe, the worlds wet wilderneſſe,
Such was the ſtill-foote *Thetis* ſilent paine,
VVhoſe flowing teares, ebbing fell backe againe.

Thetis, the mother of the pleaſant ſprings,
Grandam of all the Riuers in the world,
To whom earths veins their moiſtning tribut brings,
Now with a mad diſturbed paſſion hurld,
About her caue (the worlds great treaſure) flings:
And with wreath'd armes, and long wet hairs vncurld,
VVithin her ſelfe laments a loſſe, vnloſt,
And mones her wrongs, before her ioyes be croſt.

Thus whilſt diuining ſorrowe ceaz'd her hart,
Grinuile (ô melt my ſpyrit in that name,)
As ſings the Swan her funerall depart,
And waues her wings, the enſignes of her fame,
So he, with vertue ſweetning bitter ſmart,
VVhich from the ſeas long toyling ſeruice came:
For why, ſixe Moones, and ſo oft times the Sunne.
VVas paſt, and had one halfe the ſignes ore-runne,

Ere he the earth, our common Mother ſaw;
Now earlie greets black *Flores* banefull Ile,
(*Flores*, from whence afflictions ſelfe doth draw
The true memorialls of a weeping ſtile;)
And with *Caisters* Querriſters which ſtraw
Deſcant, that might Death of his darts beguile,
He tunes ſaluting notes, ſweeter then long,
All which are made his laſt liues funerall ſong.

Skilleſſe in deaths great Parliament he cals
His fellowe mat's, and minions to his fame,
Shewes them long lookt for land, and how it brauls,
Repulſing backe the billowes as they came,
Much he triumphes, and paſſed griefe for-ſtals
VVith preſent ioy (ſorrow lights pleaſures flame:)
And whilſt his hopes of *Happy-fortune* ſings,
Misfortune by, controls them with her wings.

Deſird reliefe, and euer welcome reſt,
The elements that forme the wearie man,
Began to hold a counſaile in his breſt,
Painting his wants by ſicknes pale and wan;
VVith other griefes, that others force oppreſt,
Aduiſing ſtay, (as what is but they can,)
VVhilſt he that fate to come, and paſt, nere feard
Concludes to ſtay till ſtrength decayd repaird.

Then caſts he Anchor hulling on the maine,
And all his ſhyps poore Cittizens recounts,
And hundred iuſt were free from ſicknes paine,
Foureſcore and ten death their redreſſe accounts,
So that of all both ſicke and ſound vnſlaine,
Vnto two hundred wanting ten amounts.
A ſlender armie for ſo great a guide,
But vertue is vnknowne till it be tride.

Thoſe whom their harts enabled to attempt,
He puts a ſhoare to make ſupplie for neede;
Thoſe whom long ſicknes taught of death contempt,
He viſits, and from *Ioues* great Booke doth reede
The balme which mortall poyſen doth exempt;
Thoſe whom new breathing health like ſucklings feed,
Hie to the ſands, and ſporting on the ſame,
Finde libertie, the liues beſt liuing flame.

Looke how a troupe of Winter-priſoned Dames,
Pent in th' incloſure of the walled townes,
VVelcoms the Spring, Vſher to Somers flames,
Making their paſtimes in the flowrie downes,
Whoſe beautious Arras wrought in natures frames,
Through eyes admire, the hart with wonder crownes,
So the wood-walled Cittizens at ſea,
VVelcome both Spring and Sommer in a day.

The warring byllowes, ſeas artillerie,
VVith long held ſiege, had bruz'd their beaten keele,
VVhich to repaire the moſt, moſt buſied be,
Lab'ring to cure, what want in labours feele;
All pleaſd with toyle, clothing extremitie
In Hopes beſt robes, that hang on Fortunes wheele
But men, are men, in ignorance of Fate,
To alter chaunce, exceedeth humaine ſtate.

For when the Sun, towred in heauens head,
Downe from the ſiluer mountaine of the skye,
Bent his bright Chariot on the glaſſie bed,
Faire chriſtall, guilded with his glorious eye,
Fearing ſome vſurpation in his ſtead,
Or leaſt his Loue ſhould too-long daliance ſpy
Tweene him and *Virgo*, whoſe attractiue face,
Had newly made him leaue the *Lyons* chaſe.

In that ſame myd-daies hower came ſayling in,
A thought-ſwift-flying Pynnaſe, taught by winde,
T' outſtrip in flight Times euer-flying wing;
And being come where Vertue was inſhrinde,
Firſt vaild his plumes, and wheeling in a ring,
With Goat-like dauncing, ſtays where *Grinuile* ſhynd,
The whyle his great Commaunder calls the name,
VVhich is ador'd of all that ſpeakes the ſame.

The great commaunder of this little Barke,
VVhich like an Eglet armes the Eagles ſide,
VVas *Midleton*, the ayme of Honors marke,
That more had prou'd then danger durſt haue tride.
Now ſeeing all good fortunes ſun-ſhine darke,
Thriſe calls Sir *Richard*, who as oft replyde,
Bidding him ſpeake, and ring his newes aloude,
Ill, not apald, nor good could make him proude

O then (quoth *Midleton*) thou ſoule of all
VVhat euer boaſts in magnanimitie,
Thou, whom pure Vertue her beſt part doth call,
Better then valure, ſtronger then dietie,
VVhom men adore, and all the gods exhall
Into the bookes of endleſſe memorie,
I bring thee tidings of a deadly fray,
Begun in Heauen, to end vpon the Sea.

The glorious Senate of the Skyes was ſet,
And all the gods were royaliz'd in ſtate,
VVhen *Happy-fortune* and *Ill-fortune* met,
Striuing who firſt ſhould enter Heauens gate,
The one made mad the others fame to let,
Neither but ſtirr'd with rage to wonder at,
Confuſedly, as water-floods doe paſſe
Their common bounds, ſuch their rude entrance was.

The gods diſturb'd, admire their ſtrange aproch,
Cenſuring their angers by their gloing eyes,
Ill-fortune was attended by *Reproch*,
Good-fortune, *Fame*, and *Vertue* ſtellefies;
One ſweares the other doth her right incroch,
VVhich is the elder houſe, none can deuiſe:
The gods deuide, yet in the end agree
The Fates ſhall iudge each others pedigree.

Good-fortune, drawes from heauen her hye deſcent,
Making hie *Ioue* the roote of her large tree;
Shee ſhowes from him, how many god-heads went,
Archangells, *Angells*, heauens poſteritie:
From thence, ſhe ſhowes the glorious thrid ſhe lent,
To *Monarks*, *Emperours*, and *Kyngs* in fee,
Annexing as Colatteralls to her line,
Honour, *Vertue*, *Valure*, and *Endles-time*.

Naithleſſe, *Ill-fortune* will be elder borne,
Shee ſaith, ſhe ſprings from *Saturne*, *Ioues* wronged Sier,
And heauen, and earth, and hell her coate haue borne,
Freſh bleeding harts within a field of fier;
All that the world admires, ſhe makes her ſcorne,
VVho fartheſt ſeemes, is to *Ill-fortune* nier,
And that iuſt proofe may her great praiſe commend,
All that *Beſt-chaunce* begins, *Ill-chaunce* doth ende.

Thus they diſpute, guilding their tongues report
VVith inſtances, and argumentall ſawes,
Ill-fortune, bids let all the worlde reſort,
And ſhow within their Chronicles and lawes,
The man whoſe liues-line neuer did conſort,
VVith ſharpe affliction, deaths firſt grounded cauſe,
Then will ſhe yeeld, elſe, is ſhee victor ſtill.
VVorlds good is rare, perpetuall is their ill.

Euen as the racket takes the balls rebound,
So doth *Good-fortune* catch *Ill-fortunes* proofe,
Saying, ſhe wil her in her ſelfe confound,
Making her darts, Agents for her behoofe;
Bow but thine eies (quoth ſhe) whence ha'ts abound,
And I will ſhow thee vnder heauens roofe [tunes.
Th'vnconquered man whom no miſchaunce impor-
Crown of my kingdom, deaths man to miſſortunes.

At this, the caſments of the skye broke ope,
Diſcouering all what's girdled in her frame,
VVhilſt *Happy-fortune* through her eyes large ſcope
Like a Coſmographer comments on the fame;
Three parts with praiſe ſhe paſt and future hope,
Then to the fourth, the VVeſterne world ſhe came,
And there, with her eyes feſtrawe paints a ſtorie,
Stranger then ſtrange, more glorified then glorie.

See (ſayd *Faire-fortune*, to her foule ſhapt *Foe*)
How on the ſcourge that beates againſt the Ile
Of *Flores*, whence they curſt oblations growe,
A winde-taught capring ſhip which ayre beguiles,
(Making poore *Cephalus* for-lorne with woe,
Curſe arte, which made arte framed ſaile ſuch ſmiles)
Richlie imbrodred with the Iems of warre,
In thy diſpight commaunds a luckey ſtarre.

In that faire veſſel liues my garlands flower,
Grinuile, my harts immortall arterie;
Of him thy deitie had neuer power,
Nor hath hee had of griefe one ſimpathie;
Succeſſe attends him, all good hap doth ſhower
A golden raine of perpetuitie
Into his boſſome, where mine Empire ſtands,
Murdring the Agents of thy blacke commands.

Say, and ſay true, (for what but thou wilt ſay,)
That euer *Grinuils* fortunes came before thee;
Or euer proſtrate at thine Altars lay,
Or with one wreath of Cipreſſe did adore thee?
Proue one blacke ſtorme in all his Sommers day,
Whoſe threatning clouds compeld him to implore thee.
Then wil I ſtaine my milkwhite vaile with weeping,
And as thine handmaide dye in ſorrowes keeping.

As wounds the lightning, yet perſerues the skinne,
So did theſe words split *Luckleſſe-fortunes* hart,
Her ſmiling *Superficies*, lockt within
A deepe exulcerated feſtring ſmart;
Heere ſhee perceiu'd her firſt diſgrace begin,
And wordleſſe from the heauens takes her depart.
Yet as ſhe flewe, her wings in flying cri'd
On *Grinuile* ſhall my fame and power be tride.

At her departure all the heauens were glad,
Triumphing in *Ill-fortunes* baniſhment,
Apollo ſet new *Anthems* as *Ioue* bad,
VVhich ſpheare tunes made more then moſt excellent;
No light in heauen but with new fier was clad,
Making next *Ioue*, *Good-fortune* preſident,
Enrowling in the Bookes of deſtenie,
This memorable famous victorie.

Onely the *Fat's* ſu'd for her backe repeale,
(For they *Ill-fortune* lou'd exceeding well)
Many her deedes and Tropheis they reueale,
And all her liues blacke legend, weeping tell;
Yet all they ſpeake, cannot in heauen preuaile,
Which ſeene, in ſpight they follow her to hell,
And there inhouſed with their mother *Night*,
All foure deuiſe, how heauen and earth to ſpight.

Hence ſprang the loues of *Ioue*, the *Sonnes* exile,
The ſhame of *Mars* and *Venus* in a net;
Iunos forſaken bed; Saturns compile
Of frantike diſcontentment, which beſet
All heauen with armes; *Diana* hence had while
To court her ſleeping boy; whilſt *Thetis* let
Phœbus imbrace her in her *Neptunes* ſtead,
Who made complaints, breach of his bridall bed.

Yet not content with theſe diſparagments,
Much greater miſchiefes iſſues from their minds,
Grinuile, thy mountaine honour it augments
VVithin their breaſts, a Meteor like the winds,
VVhich thrall'd in earth, a reeling iſſue rents
With violent motion; and their wills combinds
To belch their hat's, vow'd murdrers of thy fame,
Which to effect, thus they begin the ſame.

Faſt to *Iberia* flies vntoward chaunce,
Iberia, which we vulgar Chriſten *Spaine*,
Vpon whoſe Sunne-burnt continent doth daunce
VVeſterne *Ducallidon*, the greateſt maine,
Thither ſhee packs, *Error* doth their aduance
Her coale-blacke ſtanderd in the hands of paine;
And as eſcapt from rauiſhment or bale,
With falſe teares, thus ſhee tunes a falſer tale.

Great Empire (ſaid ſhee) bleſſed in thy birth,
Beautious created for-head of this round,
That with thy ſmiles firſt lent to heauen mirth,
And bout thy temples all perfections woond,
Lodgd in th'immagin'd corners of the earth;
Thou whom our centers Monarcheſſe art crownd,
Attend my ſuite, baptiſd in mournefull teares,
VVho but ere while triumphed on the ſpheares.

Nor for my ſelfe more then thine owne decay
Which blindfold pleaſure clouds as they ariſe,
Be gracious, and retort the domefull daye,
VVhich thee and me to ſhame would ſacrifice.
Loe, on the great weſt-walling boiſterous ſea,
VVhich doth imbrace thy gold-encloſing eyes.
Of many ſailes one man, of one poore Ile,
That will my fame, and all thy faire defile.

His numberleſſe great infinits of fame,
Haue ſhut againſt me heauens great chriſtall dore,
The clouds, which once my feets duſt had to name,
Hang ore my forhead, threatning euermore
Death to my praiſe, life to my infant ſhame,
Whilſt I with ſighes mediate a new reſtore.
And in my ſelfe behold my pleaſures paſt,
Swimming amongſt the ioyes I cannot taſt.

Sir Richard Grinuile.

Th' ambroſian Nectar-filled banqueting,
No more ſhall I communicate, or ſee,
Triumphes in heauen, *Ioues* masks, and reuelling,
Are cleene exempt, both from my ioyes and me.
The reaſon, for my loue to thee I bring,
Trimming the locks with Iems of dietie,
Making the gods a dread a fatall day,
VVorſe then the Giants warre or Centaurs fray.

Poore goddeſſe, rob'd of all eternall power,
VVhoſe broken Statues, and down razed Fan's,
Neuer warm'd altars, euer forgotten hower
VVhere any memorie of praiſe is tane,
VVitnes my fall from great *Olympus* tower;
Proſtrate, implore blame for receiued bane,
And dyre reuenge gainſt heauens impietie,
VVhich els in ſhame will make thee follow mee.

Behold theſe robes, maps of my fortunes world,
Torne, and diſtaind with eye-ſcornd beggerie;
Theſe rags deuide the Zones, wherein is hurld
My liues diſtemprate, hote cold miſerie;
Theſe teares are points, the ſcale theſe hairs vncurld,
My hands the compaſſe, woe the emperie:
And theſe my plaints, true and auriculer,
Are to my Globe the perpendiculer.

Looke how I am, ſuch art thou like to be
If armes preuent not heauens intendiment,
Grinuile, which now ſurfeits with dignitie,
Burd'ning the Sea with my diſparagement;
Chiding the wanton winds if greedelie
They kiſſe his ſailes; or els too ſlowlie vent,
Like *Ioue*, which bad the day be and it was,
So bids he Conqueſt warre; ſhe brings to paſſe.

The ſole incouragement he giues his power,
Is Prophet-like preſaging of thy death,
Courage he cries, euen in the dying hower,
And with his words, recalls departing breath;
O (ſayes he to his Mat's) you are my glories tower,
Impregnable, wall'd with vnuanquiſht faith,
You are the hands and agents of my truſt,
I but the hart reuoluing what we muſt.

Liue Saints, til we haue ript the wombe of *Spayne*,
And wounded *Error* in the armes of hell,
Cruſhing the triple Myter in diſdaine,
Which on ye ſeauenfold mounted Witch doth dwel,
Angells rewards for ſuch diſſignes remaine,
And on heauens face men ſhall your ſtories tell;
At this they ſhoute; as eager of the pray,
as Ants in winter of a ſunne-ſhine day.

Thus like triumphant *Cæſar* drawne in Rome,
By winged *Valure*, and vnconquered *Chaunce*,
He plowes the Sea (ô were it made his tombe)
VVhilſt *Happy-fortune* pypes vnto his daunce.
Yet may thy power alternat heauens doome,
So pleaſeth thee thy forward will t'aduance,
And cheare ye ſinews of thy mighty arme,
VVhoſe out-ſtrecht force ſhall quell his proud alarme,

Then giue newe fuell to his honours fier,
Leaſt ſlight regard wealth-winning *Error* ſlay,
And ſo old *Saturns* happie world retyer,
Making *Trueths* dungion brighter then the day;
VVas neuer woe could wound thy kingdom nyer,
Or of thy borrowed beautie make diſplay,
Becauſe this vow in heauens booke doth remaine,
That *Errors* death ſhall conſumate thy raigne.

Now, for my god-heads remnant liues in thee,
VVhoſe loſt ſucceſſe breeds mine eternall end,
Take for thine ayde, afflicting *Miſerie*,
Woe, mine attendant, and *Diſpayre* my freend,
All three my greateſt great *Triumuerie*,
Blood-bath'd *Carnifici*, which will protend
A murdring defolation to that will,
VVhich me in thee, and thee in mee would kill.

Here, with her fixed Comet-blazing eyes,
The damned *Augurs* of vntimely death,
Shee ends her tale, whilſt from her harts caue flyes
A ſtorme of winds, no gentle ſighing breath,
All which, like euill ſpirits in diſguiſe,
Enter *Iberias* eares, and to her ſayth,
That all the ſubſtance of this damned ſtorie,
VVas zealous true, coyned for her *Spaniſh* glorie.

Sworne to beleeue, for ill, in ill affies,
Spayne then enamour'd with the *Romane* trull,
Calls all her forces, more then Atomies,
And tells *Ill-fortunes* ſtorie to the full;
Many Parenthiſes ſhee doth deuiſe,
And froſt-relenting words doth choycely cull,
Bewitching thoſe whom oft ſhee had deceiued,
VVith ſuch like Hemlock as her ſelfe receiued.

The firſt and greateſt one, commaunding all
The ſoule of miſchiefes old created mother,
VVas *Don Alphonſo Baſſan*, proud in brall,
The Marques *Sancta Cruces* onely brother:
Him ſhee coniures by typ's emperiall,
And all that falſhoods ſeeming trueth could couer,
To vndertake this hie (ſhe termed it) act,
VVhich craues a curſe of all that reads the fact,

Her ſelfe (ſhee ſaid) and all the flowers of *Spayne*,
Should vnder his, as heauens Enſigne warre:
Thus from her harts foule dunghill flyes amaine
Groſſe vapours, metamorphoſd to a ſtarre;
Her words in fumes like prodogies retaine
His hart, by her tongues witchcraft bound ſo farre,
As what ſhee will, that will hee vnder-take,
Be it to warre with heauen for her ſake.

The ſeeming Nectar of her poyſoning ſpeech,
So well ſhee ſaw ſurpriſe his licoras ſence,
That for to reare her ill beyonds ills reach,
VVith ſelfe-like tropes, decks ſelf-like eloquence,
Making in *Britain Dona* ſuch a breach,
That her arm'd wits, conqu'ring his beſt wits ſence;
He vowes with *Baſſan* to defende the broile,
VVhich men of praiſe, and earth of fame ſhal ſpoile.

To him ſhee giues the *Biſcaynnoys* for guard,
Mechanicall Artificers for death,
And thoſe which of affliction neuer hard,
Shee tempers with the hammer of her breath:
To euery act ſhee giues huge lyp-reward,
Lauiſh of oathes, as falſhood of her faith;
And for the ground of her pretended right,
T'is hate, which enuies vertue in a Knight.

Theſe two to her faſt bound in vaſſailage,
Vnto the Marques *Arumburch* ſhee flyes,
Him ſhee prouokes, him ſhee finds apt to rage,
Impriſoning Pitties teares in flintie eyes;
To him the power of *Siuill* for a gage
Shee doth bequeath; bidding his proweſſe ryſe,
And clenſe his Countries face from widowes tears,
To which he poſts, like lightning from the ſphears.

Laſtly, to make vp miſchiefes perfect ſquare,
To *Luis Cutino* ſhee takes her flight,
Him ſhee commaunds, he to her homage ſware
To guide a Nauie to this damned fight,
Of Hulks and Fly-boats, ſuch as durſt to dare.
Shee giues him ſoueraigne rule, and publique right,
And then vniting all foure powers in one,
Sends them to ſea, to calme *Misfortunes* mone.

And now behold (diuine for valiancie)
Like flying Caſtells ſayle they to this ſtrand,
Fiftie three ſaile, ſtrong in artillarie,
Beſt men of warre knowne in the *Spaniſh* land;
Fifteene Armados, Kings of ſoueraigntie,
VVhich led the leſſer with a mightie hand:
And theſe in foure battalions hither flie,
VVith whom three dayes I ſaild in companie.

Then gentle *Grinuile*, *Thetis* parramoure,
Dearer then *Venus*, Daughter of the flood,
Set ſailes to wind, let not neglect deuoure
Thy gracious fortunes and thine Angell goode,
Cut through the maine, compell thy keele to ſcoure,
No man his ill too timelie hath with-ſtoode
And when *Beſt-chaunce* ſhal haue repaird thy fortune,
Time for this flight may iuſt reuenge importune.

Here *Midelton* did end the paſſing peale
VVhich gaue the warning to a diſmall end,
And as his words laſt knell began to faile,
The damned Nauie did a glimmering ſend,
By which *Sir Richard* might their power reueale,
VVhich ſeeming conquerleſſe, did conqueſts lend:
At whoſe appearance *Midelton* did cry,
See where they come, for fame and pitty flie,

This certaine ſtory, of too certaine ill,
Did not extinguiſh, but gaue honor fier,
Th' amazing prodigie, (bane of my quill,)
Bred not aſtoniſhment, but a ſtrong defier,
By which this heauen-adopted Knights ſtrong will,
Then hieſt height of Fame, flew much more hier:
And from the boundleſſe greatnes of his minde,
Sends back this anſwer through his lyps refin'd.

Thanks hardie *Midleton* for thy dilate,
Perſwaſiue preſage to auoyde my death,
But if thou wed my fortunes with my ſtate,
This ſauing health ſhall ſuffocate my breath,
To flye from them that holds my God in hate,
My Miſtres, Countrey, me, and my ſworne fayth,
VVere to pull of the load from *Typhons* back,
And cruſh my ſelfe, with ſhame and ſeruile wrack.

Nor if my hart degenerate ſhould yeeld,
To entertaine an amorus thought of life,
And ſo tranſport mine honour to the field,
VVhere ſeeming valure dies by cowards knife,
Yet zeale and conſcience ſhall new forces build,
And others ſoules, with my ſoule holdeth ſtrife;
For halfe my men, and all that draw ſound breath,
Are gone on ſhore, for foode to conquer death.

If I forſake them, certaine is their end,
If I obtaine them, doubtfull is our fall,
Vpon my flight, ſhame and their ſacks depend,
Vpon my ſtay, hope of good hap doth call,
Equall to me, the meaneſt I commend;
Nor will I looſe, but by the loſſe of all:
They are the ſinewes of my life and fame,
Diſmembred bodies periſh cripple-lame.

This fayd, he ſends a cock-boate to the ſhore,
To ſummon backe his men vnto their ſhip,
Who com'd a board, began with ſome vprore
To way their Anchors, and with care to dip
Their hie reuolues in doubt, and euermore,
To paint deaths viſage with a trembling lip,
Till he that was all feareleſſe, and feare flew,
VVith Nectard words from them all dangers drew.

VVhen *Midelton* ſaw *Grinuills* hie reuolue,
Paſt hope, paſt thought, paſt reach of all aſpire,
Once more to moue him flie he doth reſolue,
And to that purpoſe tips his tongue with fier;
Fier of ſweete words, that eaſelie might diſſolue
And moiſten flint, though ſteeld in ſtiffe attire,
Had not deſier of wonder, praiſe, and fame,
Extinkt the ſparks, and ſtill keepe dead the flame.

Greater, and better then inarked he,
VVhich in the worlds huge deluge did furuiue,
O let thy wings of magnanimitie,
Not vainlie flatter, *Honour* to acchiue,
Gainſt all conceit impoſſibilitie,
By which thou murderſt *Vertue*, keepe aliue,
Nor in thy ſeeking of diuinitie,
Kill not heauens fame by baſe mortallitie.

O *Grinuile* thou haſt red Philoſophy,
Nature and Arte hath made thee excellent,
And what thou read'ſt, hath grafted this in thee,
That to attempt hie dangers euident
VVithout conſtraint or neede, is infamie,
And honor turnes to raſhnes in th'euent;
And who ſo darrs, not caring how he darrs,
Sells vertues name, to purchaſe fooliſh ſtarrs,

Deere Knight, thou art not forſt to hazard fame,
Heauens haue lent thee meanes to ſcape thine ill,
If thou abide, as true as is thy name,
So truly ſhall thy fault, thy death fulfill:
And as to loue the life for vertues flame,
Is the iuſt act of a true noble will,
So to contemne it, and her helps exclude,
Is baſenes, raſhnes, and no *Fortitude.*

He that compard mans bodie to an hoaſt,
Sayd that ye hands were ſcouts, diſcouering harmes,
The feete, were horſemen, thundring on the coaſt,
The breſt, and ſtomacke, footmen, huge in ſwarmes.
But for the head, in ſoueraigntie did boaſt,
It Captayne was, director of alarms,
VVhoſe raſhnes, if it hazarded an ill,
Not hee alone but all the hoaſt did ſpill.

Raſh *Iſadas*, the *Lacedemon* Lord,
That naked fought againſt the *Theban* power,
Although they crown'd his valure by accord,
Yet was hee find for raſhnes in that hower:
And thoſe which moſt his careleſſe praiſe affoard,
Did moſt condemne what follie did deuoure;
For in attempting, proweſſe is not ment,
But wiſelie doing what we doe attempt.

Then ſith t'is valure to abandon fight,
And baſe to darre, where no hope is to winne,
(Renowned man, of all renowne the light)
Hoyſt vp thy ſailes, delay attrackts thy ſinne,
Flie from ill-boding ſtarres with all thy might,
Vnto thy hart let praiſe and pitttie in.
This ſayd, and more deſirous much to crie,
Sir *Richard* ſtayd him, with this rich replie.

Captayne, I praiſe thy warlike eloquence,
And ſober Axioms of Philoſophie,
But now's no time for ſchoole points difference,
VVhen Deaths blacke Enſigne threatens miſerie;
Yet for thy words found of ſuch conſequence,
Making flight praiſe, and fight pale obloquie,
Once ere I die, Ile clenſe my wits from ruſt,
And proue my flying baſe, my ſtay moſt iuſt.

Whence ſhall I flie? from refuge of my fame,
From whom? euen from my Countries mortall foé,
VVhither? but to the dungeon of my ſhame,
VVhy ſhall I flie? for feare of happie woe,
VVhat end of flight? to ſaue vild life by blame,
VVho iſt that flies? *Grinuile*? Captayne no,
T'is *England* flies, faire Ile of happines,
And true diuine *Elizas* holynes.

Shall then my lifes regard taynt that choyce faire?
Firſt will I perriſh in this liquid round,
Neuer ſhall Sunne-burnt *Spanyards* tongue endeare
Iberian eares with what ſhall me confound,
The life I haue, I for my Miſtris beare,
Curſt were that life, ſhould it her ſcepter wound,
And trebble curſed be that damned thought,
Which in my minde hath any fayntnes wrought.

Now, for Philoſophie defends thy theame,
Euen ſelfe Philoſophie ſhall arme my ſtile,
Rich buskin'd *Seneca*, that did declaime,
And firſt in *Rome* our tragicke pompe compile,
Saith, *Fortitude* is that which in extreme
And certaine hazard all baſe feares exile:
It guides, ſaith he, the noble mind from farre,
Through froſt, and fier, to conquer honors warre.

Honie-tongd *Tullie*, Mermaid of our eares,
Affirmes no force, can force truē *Fortitude*,
It with our bodies, no communion beares,
The ſoule and ſpyrit, ſole doth it include;
It is that part of honeſtie which reares
The hart to heauen, and euer doth obtrude
Faint feare, and doubt, ſtill taking his delight
In perrills, which exceed all perrills might.

Patience, *Perſeuerance*, *Greatnes*, and *Strong Truſt*,
Theſe pages are to *Fortitude* their King,
Patience that ſuffers, and eſteemeth iuſt
VVhat euer woe, for vertue fortunes bring;
Perſeuerance, holds conſtant what we muſt,
Greatnes, that ſtill effects the greateſt thing,
And armed *Truſt*, which neuer can diſpaire,
But hopes good hap; how euer fatall deare.

The Roman *Sergius*, hauing loſt his hand,
Slew with one hand foure in a ſingle fight,
A thing all reaſon euer did with-ſtand,
But that bright *Fortitude* ſpred forth her light.
Pompey, by ſtorme held from *th'Italyan* land,
And all his ſailours quaking in his ſight,
Firſt hoiſted ſaile, and cry'd amidſt the ſtrife,
There's neede I goe, no neede to ſaue my life

Agis that guilt the *Lacedemon* ſtreete,
Intending one day battaile with his foes,
By counſaile was repeld, as thing vnmeete,
The enemie beeing ten to one in ſhoes;
But he reply'd, Tis needfull that his feete
VVhich many leads, ſhould leade to many bloes:
And one being good, an Armie is for ten
Foes to religion, and known naughty men.

To him that told *Dienecus*, his foes
Couer'd the Sun with darts and armed ſpeares,
Hee made reply, Thy newes is ioy in woes,
Wee'le in the ſhadow fight, and conquer feares.
And from the *Polands* words my humor floes,
I care for naught but falling of the Spheares.
Thunder affrights the Infants in the ſchooles,
And threatnings are the conquerers of fooles.

As theſe, my caſe is not ſo deſperate,
And yet, then theſe, my darre ſhall be no leſſe:
If this in them, for fame was wondred at,
Then this in mee, ſhall my deſiers expreſſe;
Neuer ſhall *Greece*, nor *Rome*, nor Heathen ſtate,
with ſhining honor, *Albions* ſhine depreſſe, [bounds,
Though their great circuits yeelds their acts large
Yet ſhall they neuer darr for deeper wounds.

And thus reſolu'd, deere *Midelton* depart,
Seeke for thy ſafetie in ſome better ſoyle,
Thy ſtay will be no ſuccour in my ſmart,
Thy loſſe will make them boaſt of better ſpoyle.
And be aſſur'd before my laſt breath part,
Ile make the Sunne, for pittie backe recoyle,
And clothe the ſea within a ſcarlet pale,
Iudge of their death which ſhall my life exhale.

This ſhip which now intombs my iealious ſoule,
Honeſtlie enuious of aſpiring laude,
Is cald *Reuenge*, the ſcourge which doth controule,
The recreants that *Errors* right applaud,
Shall like her ſelfe, by name and fame enroule
My ſpyrits acts, by no *Misfortune* aw'd,
VVithin eternall Bookes of happie deeds,
Vpon whoſe notes, immortall Vertue reeds.

Say if I perriſh, t'was mine honours will,
My Countries loue, religion, and my Queene,
And if that enuie glorie in mine ill,
Say that I dyed, conqu'ring, vnconquered ſeene.
Say fiftie three ſtrong ſhyps could not fulfill,
Gainſt one poore mayden veſſell their foule teene,
But that in ſpight of death, or miſerie,
She fought, and foyld, and ſcapt captiuitie.

Replie not *Midelton*, mine eares are cloſd,
Hie in heauens for-head are my vowes ingrau'd,
I ſee the banefull Nauie now diſcloſd,
Begon betime, Fate hath thy fortune ſau'd;
To me good ſtarres were neuer yet oppoſd,
Glorie hath crownd me when I glorie crau'd,
Farwel, and ſay how euer be my chaunce,
My death at honours wedding learnt to daunce.

This ſayd, away ſailes *Midelton* with ſpeede,
Sad, heauie, dull, and moſt diſconſolate,
Shedding ſtout manlie teares at valures deed,
Greeuing the ruine of ſo great eſtate;
But *Grinuile*, whoſe hope euer did exceede,
Making all death in daungers fortunate,
Gan to prouide to quell this great vprore,
Then which the like was neuer heard before.

His fights ſet vp; and all things fit prepard,
Low on the ballaſt did he couch his ſick,
Being fourſcoore ten, in Deaths pale mantle ſnar'd,
whoſe want to war did moſt their ſtrong harts prick.
The hundred, whoſe more founder breaths declard,
Their ſoules to enter Deaths gates ſhould not ſtick,
Hee with diuine words of immortall glorie,
Makes them the wondred actors of this ſtorie.

Nothing be left vnſaid that tongue could ſay,
To breede contempt of death, or hate or thrall,
Honors reward, fame for a famous day,
VVonder of ears, that men halfe gods ſhall call;
And contrarie, a hopeleſſe certaine way,
Into a Tyrants damned fiſts to fall,
VVhere all defame, baſe thoughts, and infamie,
Shall crowne with ſhame their heads eternally.

In this great thunder of his valiant ſpeech,
From whence the eares-eyes honors lightning felt,
The *Spaniſh* Nauie came within the reach
Of Cannon ſhot, which equallie was delt
On eyther ſide, each other to impeach;
VVhoſe volleys made the pittying skyes to melt,
Yet with their noyſe, in *Grinuills* heart did frame,
Greater deſier, to conquer greater fame.

And now the ſunne was paſt his middle way,
Leaning more louely to his Lemans bed,
And the noones third hower had attacht the day,
VVhen fiftie three gainſt one were baſely led;
All harts were fierd; and now the deadlie fray,
Began tumultuouſlie to ouer-ſpread
The ſea with fier, the Element with ſmoake
Which gods, and monſters from their ſleepe awoake,

In foure great battailes marcht the *Spaniſh* hoaſt,
The firſt of *Siuill*, led in two great ſquares,
Both which with courage, more then can be moſt,
Sir *Richard* forſt to giue him way with cares;
And as the Sea-men terme it in our coaſt,
They ſprang their luffe, and vnder lee declares,
Their manie forces feebled by this one,
Whoſe thoughts, ſaue him, are rightly due to none

And now he ſtands amidſt the thickeſt throngs,
VValld round with wooden Caſtels on the waue,
Fiftie three Tygers greedie in their wrongs,
Beſiedge the princlie Lion in his caue:
Nothing ſees *Grinuile* which to hope belongs,
All things are fled that any hap could ſaue;
Bright day is darkned by incurtaind light,
And nothing viſits them but Canons night.

Then vp to heauen he lifts his loftie hart,
And cryes, old *Salon*, I am happy made.
All earthie thoughts cleane from his ſpirits part,
Vertue and *Valure* all his ſences lade,
His foes too fewe, too ſtrong he holds his part,
Now doth he wiſh for millions to inuade,
For beeing conquerer, he would conquer all,
Or conquerd, with immortall honour fall.

Neuer fell hayle thicker then bullets flew,
Neuer ſhow'rd drops faſter then ſhowring blowes,
Liu'd all the *Woorthies*, all yet neuer knew
So great reſolue in ſo great certaine woes;
Had *Fame* told *Cæſar* what of this was true,
His Senate-murdred ſpirite would haue roſe,
And with faire honors enuie wondred then,
Curſing mortalitie in mighty men.

VVhilſt thus affliction turmoyld in this brall,
And *Grinuile* ſtill imployd his Actor death,
The great *San-phillip*, which all *Spayne* did call
Th' vnuanquiſht ſhip, *Iberias* ſoule and faith,
Whoſe mountaine hugenes more was tearmed then tall,
Being twice a thouſand tuns as rumor faith,
Came ruſhing in, becalming *Grinuiles* failes,
Whoſe courage grew, the more his fortunes failes.

Hotlie on eyther ſide was lightning ſent,
And ſteeled thunder bolts dinge men to hell,
Vnweldie *Phillip*, backt with millions lent,
VVorſe cracks of thunder then on *Phaeton* fell,
That with the dayes fier fiered the Element;
And why? becauſe within her ribs did dwell,
More ſtore of ſhot and great artillarie,
Then might haue ſeru'd the worlds great victorie.

Three tire of Cannon lodg'd on eyther ſide,
And in each tire, eleuen ſtronglie lay,
Eyght in her chaſe, that ſhot forth right did bide,
And in her ſterne, twice eight that howerlie play;
Shee leſſe great ſhot, in infinets did hide,
All which were Agents for a diſmall day.
But poore *Reuenge*, leſſe rich, and not ſo great,
Aunſwered her cuffe for cuffe, and threat for threat.

Anon they graple eyther to the other,
As doth the ban-dogge with the Martins skinne,
And then the wombe of *Phillip* did vncouer,
Eight hundred Souldiers, which the fight beginne:
Theſe board Sir *Richard*, and with thronging ſmother
The day, the ayre, the time, and neuer linne,
But by their entrance did inſtruct eight more,
To doe the like, on each ſide foure, and foure.

Thus in one moment was our Knight aſſaild,
With one huge *Argoſie*, and eight great ſhips,
But all in vaine, their powers naught prevaild,
For the *Reuenge*, her Canon loud-dogs ſlips,
VVhoſe bruzing teeth, ſo much the *Phillip* quaild,
That foundring in the greedie maine, he dips
His damned bodie in his watrie tombe,
Wrapt with diſhonour in the Oceans wombe.

The other eight, fighting, were likewiſe foild,
And driuen perforce vnto a vild retraite,
None durſt abide, but all with ſhame recoild,
VVhilſt *Valures* ſelfe, ſet *Grinuile* in her ſeate;
Onely *Don Luis Saint Iohn*, ſeeing ſpoild,
His Countries honour by this ſtrange defaite,
Single encountred *Grinuile* in the fight,
Who quicklie ſent his ſoule to endleſſe night.

George de Prunaria, a Spaniſh Knight,
Euer held valiant in diſpight of fate,
Seconded *Luis*, and with mortall might,
VVrit on Sir *Richards* target ſouldiers hate,
Till *Grinuile*, wakned with his loud rung fight,
Diſpatcht his ſoules courſe vnto *Plutos* gate;
And after theſe two, ſent in poſt all thoſe
Which came within his mercie or his blowes.

By this, the ſunne had ſpred his golden locks,
Vpon the pale green carpet of the ſea,
And opned wide the ſcarlet dore which locks,
The eaſefull euening from the labouring day;
Now Night began to leape from iron Rocks,
And whip her ruſtie wagon through the way,
VVhilſt all the *Spaniſh* hoſt ſtoode maz'd in fight
None darring to aſſayle a ſecond fight.

VVhen *Don Alfonſo*, Generall of the warre,
Saw all his Nauie with one ſhip controld,
He toare his hayre, and loudlie cryd from farre,
For honour *Spanyards*, and for ſhame be bold;
Awaken Vertue, ſay her ſlumbers marre
Iberias auncient valure, and infold
Her wondred puiſſance, and her glorious deeds,
In cowards habit, and ignoble weeds.

Fie, that the ſpyrit of a ſingle man,
Should contradict innumerable wills,
Fie, that infinitiues of forces can,
Nor may effect what one conceit fulfills;
VVoe to the wombe, ceaſeleſſe the teats I ban,
That cherriſht life, which all our liues ioyes kills;
VVoe to our ſelues, our fortunes, and our minds,
Agaſt and ſcarrd, with whiſtling of the winds.

See how he triumphes in diſpight of death,
Promethean like, laden with liuing fier,
And in his glorie ſpits diſdainfull breath,
Loathing the baſenes of our backe retire;
Euen now me thinke in our diſgrace he ſaith,
Foes to your fames, why make you Fate a lyer,
When heauen and ſhe haue giuen into your hand,
VVhat all the world can neuer back demand?

Say that the God of *Warre;* Father of Chiualrie,
The *Worthies*, *Heroes*, all fam'd Conquerours,
Centaurs, *Gyants*, victorious *Victorie*,
VVere all this *Grinuils* hart-ſworne paramours,
Yet ſhould we fightleſſe let our ſhyps force flie;
Well might we cruſh his keele with rocklike powers,
And him with them ore-whelme into the maine,
Courage then harts, fetch honour backe againe.

Heere ſhame, the fretting canker of the mind,
That fiers the face with fuell from the hart,
Fearing his weapons weakenes, eft aſſignd
To deſperate hardines his confounding dart,
And now the *Spanyards* made through words ſtone blind,
Deſperate by ſhame, aſhamd diſpaire ſhould part,
like damned ſcritchowles, chimes to dead mens hours,
Make vowes to fight, till fight all liues deuours.

And now the tragicke ſceane of death begins,
Acts of the night, deeds of the ouglie darke,
VVhen Furies brands gaue light to furious ſins,
And gaſtlie ſilence gaping wounds did marke;
Sing ſadlie then my Muſe (teares pittie wins)
Yet mount thy wings beyond the mornings Larke,
And wanting thunder, with thy lightnings might,
Split eares that heares the dole of this ſad night.

The fier of *Spaynes* pride, quencht by *Grinuils* ſword,
Alfonſo reinkindles with his tong,
And ſets a bateleſſe edge, ground by his word
Vpon their blunt harts feebled by the ſtrong,
Loe animated now, they all accord,
To die, or ende deaths conflict held ſo long;
And thus reſolud, too greedelie affay
His death, like hounds that hold the Hart at bay.

Blacker then night, more terrible then hell,
Louder then thunder, ſharper then *Phœbus* ſteele,
Vnder whoſe wounds the ouglie *Python* fell,
Were bullets mantles, clowding the hapleſſe keele,
The ſlaughtered cryes, the words the cannons tell,
And thoſe which make euen rocky Mountains reele,
And thicker then in ſunne are Atomies,
Flew bullets, fier, and ſlaughtered dead mens cries.

At this remorſles Dirgie for the dead,
The ſiluer Moone, dread Soueraigne of the deepe,
That with the floods fills vp her horned head
And by her waine the wayning ebbs doth keepe:
Taught by the Fat's how deſtenie was led,
Bidds all the ſtarres pull in their beames and weepe:
For twas vnfit, chaſt hallowed eyes ſhould ſee
Honour confounded by impietie.

Then to the night ſhe giues all ſoueraigne power,
Th'eternall mourner for the dayes diuorce,
Who drowned in her owne harts killing ſhower,
Viewes others torments with a ſad remorſe.
This flintie Princeſſe, ayme cryes to the hower,
On which to looke, kinde eies no force could force.
And yet the ſight, her dull hart ſo offended,
That from her ſight a foggie dewe deſcended.

Now on our Knight, raines yron, ſword, and fiers,
Iron wrapt in ſmoke, ſword bath'd in ſmoking blood,
Fiers, furies king, in blood and ſmoke aſpiers
The conſumation of all liuing good;
Yet *Grinuile*, with like Agents like expires
His foe-mens dat's, and euermore withſtood.
Th'aſſaults of death, and ruins of the warre,
Hoping the ſplendour of ſome luckie ſtarre.

On eyther ſide him, ſtill two *Gallions* lay,
VVhich with continuall boardings nurſt the fight,
Two great *Armados*, howrelie plow'd their way,
And by aſſaulte, made knowne repelleſſe might.
Thoſe which could not come neere vnto the fray,
Aloofe diſcharg'd their volleys gainſt our Knight.
And when yat one ſhrunk back, beat with diſgrace,
An other inſtantly ſupply'd the place.

So that their reſting, reſtleſſe him containd,
And theyr ſupplies, deny'd him to ſupply:
The *Hydra* of their mightines ordaind
New ſpoile for death, when old did wounded lie:
But hee, *Herculian*-like one ſtate retaind,
One to triumph, or one for all to die.
Heauen had onelie lent him but one hart,
That hart one thought, that thought no feare of ſmart.

And now the night grew neere her middle line,
Youthfully luſtie in her ſtrongeſt age,
VVhen one of *Spaynes* great *Gallions* did repine,
That one ſhould many vnto death ingage,
And therefore with her force, halfe held diuine,
At once euaporates her mortall rage,
Till powerfull *Grinuile*, yeelding power a toombe
Splyt her, and ſunck her in the ſalt waues tombe

VVhen *Cutino*, the Hulks great Admirall,
Saw that huge Veſſell drencht within the ſurge,
Enuie and ſhame tyered vpon his gall,
And for reuenge a thouſand meanes doth vrge:
But *Grinuile*, perfect in deſtructions fall,
His miſchiefes with like miſeries doth ſcourge,
And renting with a ſhot his wooden tower,
Made *Neptunes* liquid armes his all deuouer.

Theſe two ore-whelm'd, *Siuills Aſcention* came,
A famous ſhip, well man'd, and ſtrongly dreſt,
Vindicta from her Cannons mouthes doth flame,
And more then any, our dread Knight opreſt:
Much hurt ſhee did, many ſhee wounded lame,
And *Valurs* ſelfe, her valiant acts confeſt.
Yet in the end, (for warre of none takes keepe)
Grinuile ſunck her within the watry deepe.

An other great *Armado*, bruſd and beat,
Sunck neere *S. Michaels* road, with thought to ſcape,
And one that by her men more choicely ſet,
Beeing craz'd, and widow'd of her comly ſhape,
Ran gainſt the ſhore, to pay *Ill-chaunce* her debt,
VVho deſolate for deſolations gape:
Yet theſe confounded, were not miſt at all.
For new ſupplies made new the aged brall.

This while on *Grinuile* ceazed no amaze,
No wonder, dread, nor baſe aſtoniſhment,
But true reſolue, and valurs ſacred blaze,
The crowne of heauen, and ſtarrie ornament
Deckt his diuine part, and from thence did raze
Affects of earth, or earths intendiment.
And in this broyle, as cheerefull was his ſight,
As *Ioues*, imbracing *Danae* by night.

Looke howe a wanton Bridegroome in the morne,
Buſilie labours to make glad the day,
And at the noone, with wings of courage borne,
Recourts his bride with dauncing and with play,
Vntill the night which holds meane bliſſe in ſcorne,
By action kills imaginations ſway,
And then, euen then, gluts and confounds his thought,
With all the ſweets, conceit or Nature wrought,

Euen ſo our Knight the bridegroome vnto *Fame*,
Toild in his battailes morning with vnreſt,
At noone triumph'd, and daunſt, and made his game,
That vertue by no death could be depreſt;
But when the night of his loues longings came,
Euen then his intelectuall ſoule confeſt
All other ioyes imaginarie were
Honour vnconquerd, heauen and earth held deare.

The bellowing ſhotte which wakened dead mens ſwounds,
As *Dorian* muſick, ſweetned his cares,
Ryuers of blood, iſſuing from fountaine wounds,
Hee pytties, but augments not with his teares,
The flaming fier which mercileſſe abounds,
Hee not ſo much as maſking torches feares,
The dolefull Eccho of the ſoules halfe dying,
Quicken his courage in their banefull crying.

VVhen foule *Misfortune* houering on a Rock,
(The ſtonie girdle of the *Florean* Ile,)
Had ſeene this conflict, and the fearefull ſhock,
VVhich all the *Spanyſh* miſcheifes did compile,
And ſaw how conqueſt licklie was to mock
The hope of *Spayne*, and fauſter her exile,
Immortall ſhe, came downe her ſelfe to fight,
And doe what elſe no mortall creature might.

And as ſhe flew the midnights waking ſtarre,
Sad *Caſſiopea*, with a heauie cheare
Puſht forth her forehead, to make known from farre,
VVhat time the dryrie dole of earth drew neare,
But when ſhee ſaw *Misfortune* arm'd in warre,
VVith teares ſhe blinds her eyes, and clouds ye ayre,
And asks the gods, why *Fortune* fights with man?
They ſay, to doe, what elſe no creature can.

O why ſhould ſuch immortall enuie dwell,
In the incloſures of eternall mould?
Let Gods with Gods, and men with men rebell,
Vnequall warres t'vnequall ſhame is ſould;
But for this damned deede came ſhee from hell,
And *Ioue* is ſworne, to doe what deſt'nie would,
VVeepe then my pen, the tell-tale of our woe,
And curſe the fount from whence our ſorrows flow.

Now, now, *Misfortune* fronts our Knight in armes,
And caſts her venome through the *Spanyſh* hoaſt,
Shee ſalues the dead, and all the lyuing warmes
With vitall enuie, brought from *Plutos* coaſt;
Yet all in vaine, all works not *Grinuils* harmes;
VVhich ſeene, ſhee ſmiles, and yet with rage imboſt
Saith to her ſelfe, ſince men are all too weake,
Behold a goddeſſe ſhall thy lifes twine breake.

VVith that ſhee taks a Muſket in her hand,
Raſt from a dying Souldiour newlie ſlaine,
And ayming where th' vnconquered Knight did ſtand,
Diſchargd it through his bodie, and in twaine
Deuids the euer holie nuptiall band,
Which twixt his ſoule, and worlds part ſhold remaine,
Had not his hart, ſtronger then *Fortunes* will,
Held life perforce to ſcorne *Misfortunes* ill.

The bubling wound from whence his blood diſtild,
Mourn'd to let fall the hallowed drops to ground,
And like a iealious loue by riuall illd,
Sucks in the ſacred moiſture through the wound;
But he, which felt deaths fatall doome fulfilld,
Grew fiercer valiant, and did all confound,
VVas not a *Spanyard* durſt abord him reſt,
After he felt his deaths wound in his breſt.

Hundreds on hundreds, dead on the maymed fall,
Maymed on ſounde, ſound in them ſelues lye ſlaine,
Bleſt was the firſt that to his ſhip could crall,
For wounded, he wounds multituds againe;
No ſacrifice, but ſacrifice of all,
Could ſtay his ſwords oblations vnto paine,
Nor in *Phillippie*, fell for *Cæſars* death,
Soules thicker then for *Grinuils* waſting breath.

The *Nemian* Lyon, *Aramanthian* Bore,
The *Hircamian* Tyger, nor the *Cholcean* Bulls,
Neuer extended rage with ſuch vprore,
Nor in their breſts mad monſtrous furie lulls;
Now might they learne, that euer learnt before,
Wrath at our Knight, which all wrath diſanulls,
For ſlauiſh death, his hands commaunded more,
Then Lyon, Tyger, Bull, or angrie Bore.

Had *Pompey* in *Pharſalia* held his thought,
Cæſar had neuer wept vpon his head,
Had *Anthonie* at *Actiome* like him fought,
Augustus teares had neuer drownd him dead,
Had braue *Renaldo*, *Grinuiles* puiſſance bought,
Angelica from France had neuer fled,
Nor madded *Rowland* with inconſtancie,
But rather ſlayne him wanting victorie,

Before a ſtorme ſlewe neuer Doues ſo faſt,
As *Spanyards* from the furie of his fiſt,
The ſtout *Reuenge*, about whoſe forlorne waſt,
Whilome ſo many in their moods perſiſt,
Now all alone, none but the ſcourge imbraſt,
Her foes from handie combats cleane deſiſt;
Yet ſtill incirkling her within their powers,
From farre ſent ſhot, as thick as winters ſhowers.

Anger, and *Enuie*, enemies to *Life*,
Strong ſmouldring *Heate* and noiſom ſtink of *Smoke*,
With ouer-labouring *Toyle*, *Deaths* ouglie wife,
Theſe all accord with *Grinuiles* wounded ſtroke,
To end his liues date by their ciuell ſtrife,
And him vnto a bleſſed ſtate inyoke,
But he repeld them whilſt repell he might,
Till fainting power, was tane from power to fight.

Then downe he ſat, and beat his manlie breſt,
Not mourning death, but want of meanes to die;
Thoſe which ſuruiu'd coragiouſlie he bleſt,
Making them gods for god-like victorie;
Not full twice twentie ſoules aliue did reſt,
Of which the moſt were mangled cruellie,
Yet ſtill, whilſt words could ſpeake, or ſignes could ſhow,
From death he maks eternall life to grow.

The Maiſter-gunner, which beheld his eyes.
Dart fier gainſt death trumphant in his face,
Came to ſuſtaine him, and with courage cryes,
How fares my Knight? worlds glory, martiall grace?
Thine honour, former honours ouer-flyes,
And vnto *Heauen* and *Vertue* bids the bace;
Cheere then thy ſoule, & if deaths wounding pain it,
Abr'ams faire boſome lyes to entertaine it.

Maiſter, he ſayes, euen heers the opned dore,
Through which my ſpirit bridgroome like muſt ride,
(And then he bar'd his wounded breſt all gore)
To court the bleſſed virgine Lambe his bride,
VVhoſe innocence the worlds afflictions bore,
Streaming diuine blood from his ſliced ſide,
And to that heauen my ſoule with courage flyes,
Becauſe vnconquerd, conquering it dyes.

But yet, replyed the Maiſter once againe,
Great vertue of our vertues, ſtriue with Fate,
Yeeld not a minute vnto death, retaine
Life like thy glorie, made to wonder at,
This wounds recouerie well may entertaine
A double triumph to thy conquering ſtate,
And make thee liue immortall Angell bleſt,
Pleaſeth thee ſuffer it be ſearcht and dreſt.

Deſcend then gentle *Grinuile* downe below,
Into my Cabin for a breathing ſpace,
In thee there let thy Surgion ſtanch our woe,
Giuing recuer to thee, our wounded caſe,
Our breaths, from thy breaths fountaine gently flow,
If it be dried, our currents looſe their grace:
Then both for vs, and thee, and for the beſt,
Deſcend, to haue thy wound bound vp and dreſt.

Maiſter, reply'd the Knight, ſince laſt the ſunne
Lookt from the hieſt period of the sky,
Giuing a ſignall of the dayes mid noone,
Vnto this hower of midnight, valiantly,
From of this vpper deck I haue not runne,
But fought, and freed, and welcomd victorie,
Then now to giue new couert to mine head,
VVere to reuiue our foes halfe conquered.

Thus with contrarie arguments they warre,
Diuers in their opinions and their ſpeech,
One ſeeking means, th' other a will to darre,
Yet both one end, and one deſire reach:
Both to keepe honour liuing, plyant are,
Hee by his fame, and he by skilfull leach,
At length, the Maiſter winnes, and hath procurd
The Knight diſcend, to haue his woundings curd.

Downe when he was, and had diſplay'd the port
Through which his life was martching vp to heauen,
Albe the mortall taint all cuers retort,
Yet was his Surgion not of hope bereuen,
But giues him valiant ſpeech of lifes reſort,
Sayes, longer dayes his longer fame ſhall euen,
And for the meanes of his recouerie,
He finds both arte and poſſibilitie.

Misfortune hearing this preſage of life,
(For what but chimes within immortall eares)
VVithin her ſelfe kindles a home-bred ſtrife,
And for thoſe words ye Surgions doomes day ſwears
VVith that, her charg'd peece (*Atropos* keene knife,)
Againe ſhe takes, and leueld with diſpairs,
Sent a ſhrill bullet through the Surgions head,
which thence, through *Grinuils* temples like was led

Downe fel the Surgion, hope and helpe was reft,
His death gaue manumition to his ſoule,
Misfortune ſmyld, and euen then ſhee left
The mournfull Ocean, mourner for this dole;
Away ſhee flyes, for all was now bereft,
Both hope and helpe, for life to win deaths gole;
Yet *Grinuile* vnamaz'd, with conſtant faith,
Laughing diſpiſd the ſecond ſtroke of death.

What foole (ſaith he) ads to the Sea a drop,
Lends *Etna* ſparks, or angry ſtormes his wind?
VVho burnes the roote when lightning fiers the top?
VVho vnto hell, can worſe then hell combind?
Pale hungry Death, thy greedy longings ſtop,
Hope of long life is banefull to my mind:
Yet hate not life, but lothe captiuitie,
Where reſts no truſt to purchaſe victorie.

Then vp he came with feeble pace againe, ing,
Strength from his blood, blood from his wounds defcend-
Saies, here I liu'd, and here wil I ſuſtaine,
The worſt of Deaths worſt, by my fame defending,
And then he fell to warre with might and maine,
Valure on death moſt valiantly depending,
And thus continued aye coragiouſly,
Vntill the day chaſt ſhadowes from the ſky.

But when the mornings dewie locks drunke vp
A miſtie moyſture from the Oceans face,
Then might he ſee the ſource of ſorrowes cup,
Plainly prefigur'd in that hatefull place:
And all the miſeries that mortals ſup
From their great Grandſire *Adams* band, diſgrace;
For all that did incircle him, was his foe,
And that incircled, modell of true woe.

His maſts were broken, and his tackle torne,
His vpper worke hew'd downe into the Sea,
Naught of his ſhip aboue the ſourge was borne,
But euen leueld with the Ocean lay,
Onely the ſhips foundation (yet that worne)
Remaind a trophey in that mighty fray;
Nothing at all aboue the head remained,
Either for couert, or that force maintained.

Powder for ſhot, was ſpent and waſted cleane,
Scarce ſeene a corne to charge a peece withall,
All her pykes broken, halfe of his beſt men ſlaine,
The reſt ſore wounded, on Deaths Agents call,
On th'other ſide, her foe in ranks remaine,
Diſplaying multitudes, and ſtore of all
VVhat euer might auaile for victorie,
Had they not wanted harts true valiancie.

When *Grinuile* ſaw his deſperate drierie caſe,
Meerely diſpoyled of all ſucceſ-full thought,
Hee calls before him all within the place,
The Maiſter, Maiſter-gunner, and them taught
Rules of true hardiment to purchaſe grace;
Showes them the end their trauailes toile had bought,
How ſweet it is, ſwift *Fame* to ouer-goe,
How vile to diue in captiue ouerthrow.

Gallants (he ſaith) ſince three a clock laſt noone,
Vntill this morning, fifteene howers by courſe,
We haue maintaind ſtoute warre, and ſtill vndoone
Our foes aſſaults, and driue them to the worſe,
Fifteene *Armados* boardings haue not wonne
Content or eaſe, but beene repeld by force,
Eight hundred Cannon ſhot againſt our ſide,
Haue not our harts in coward colours died.

Not fifteene thouſand men araungd in fight,
And fifteene howers lent them to atchiue,
VVith fifty three great ſhips of boundleſſe might,
Haue had or meanes or proweſſe to contriue
The fall of one, which mayden vertue dight,
Kept in deſpight of *Spaniſh* force aliue.
Then liſt to mee you imps of memorie,
Borne to aſſume to immortalitie.

Sith looſing, we vnloſt keepe ſtrong our praiſe,
And make our glories, gaynours by our ends,
Let not the hope of howers (for tedious dayes
Vnto our liues no longer circuite lends)
Confound our wondred actions and aſſayes,
VVhereon the ſweete of mortall eares depends,
But as we liue by wills victorious,
So let vs die victours of them and vs.

VVee that haue mercileſſe cut Mercies wings,
And muffeld pittie in deaths miſtie vale,
Let vs implore no mercie; pittyings,
But from our God, deere fauour to exhale
Oure ſoules to heauen, where all the Angells rings
Renowne of vs, and our deepe tragick tale;
Let vs that cannot liue, yet liue to dye,
Vnthrald by men, fit tropheys for the skye.

And thus reſolu'd ſince other meane is reft,
Sweet Maiſter-gunner, ſplit our keele in twaine,
We cannot liue, whom hope of life hath left,
Dying, our deaths more glorious liues retaine,
Let not our ſhip, of ſhame and foile bereft,
Vnto our foe-men for a prize remaine;
Sinke her, and ſinking with the *Greeke* wee'le cry,
Beſt not to be, or beeing ſoone to dye.

Scarſe had his words tane wings from his deare tong,
But the ſtout Maiſter-gunner, euer ritch
In heauenlie valure and repulſing wrong,
Proud that his hands by action might inritch
His name and nation with a worthie ſong,
Tow'rd his hart higher then Eagles pitch,
And inſtantlie indeuours to effect
Grinuils deſier, by ending Deaths defect.

But th' other Maiſter, and the other Mat's,
Diſented from the honour of their minds,
And humbly praid the Knight to rue their ſtat's,
VVhom miſerie to no ſuch miſcheife binds;
To him th' aleadge great reaſons, and dilat's
Their foes amazements, whom their valures blinds,
And maks more eager t'entertaine a truce,
Then they to offer words for warres excuſe.

They ſhow him diuers gallant men of might,
VVhoſe wounds not mortall, hope gaue of recuer,
For their ſaks ſue they to diuorce this night
Of deſperate chaunce, calld vnto Deaths black lure,
Their lengthned liues, their countries care might right,
And to their Prince they might good hopes aſſure.
Then quod the Captaine, (deere Knight) do not ſpill,
The liues whom gods and Fat's ſeeke not to kill.

And where thou ſayſt the *Spanyards* ſhall not braue,
T' haue tane one ſhip due to our virgin Queene,
O know, that they, nor all the world can ſaue,
This wounded Barke, whoſe like no age hath ſeene,
Sixe foote ſhee leaks in hold, three ſhot beneath the waue,
All whoſe repaire ſo inſufficient beene,
That when the Sea ſhall angrie worke begin,
Shee cannot chuſe but ſinke and dye therein.

Beſides, the wounds and bruſings which ſhe beares,
Are ſuch, ſo manie, ſo incurable,
As to remoue her from this place of feares,
No force, no wit, no meane, nor man is able;
Then ſince that peace proſtrate to vs repaires,
Vnleſſe our ſelues, our ſelues make miſerable,
Herculeen Knight, for pittie, pittie lend,
No fame conſiſts in wilfull deſperat end.

Theſe words with emphaſis and action ſpent,
Mou'd not Sir *Richard*, but inrag'd him more,
To bow or yeeld, his heart would neare relent,
Hee ſtill impungs all thought of lifes reſtore;
The Maiſter-gunner euer doth conſent
To act his wiſh, ſwearing in beds of gore
Death is moſt louelie, ſweete and amiable,
But captiu'd life for foulenes admirable.

The Captayne, ſeeing words could take no place,
Turnes backe from them vnto the liuing few,
Expounds what pittie is, what victors grace;
Bids them them ſelues, them ſelues in kindnes rew,
Peace if they pleaſe, will kindlie them imbrace,
And they may liue, from whom warres glory grew;
But if they will to deſperate end conſent,
Their guilty ſoules too late ſhall mourne repent.

The ſillie men, who fought but liuing ioyes,
Cryes to the Captaine for an honord truce,
Life they deſire, yet no life that deſtroyes
Their wonne renownes, but ſuch as might excuſe
Their woes, their wounds, and al what els anoyes
Beautie of laude, for other they refuſe;
All which the Captaine ſwears they ſhal obtaine,
Becauſe their foes, in doubtfull ſtates remaine.

O when Sir *Richard* ſaw them ſtart aſide,
More chaynd to life then to a glorius graue,
And thoſe whom hee ſo oft in dangers tryde,
Now trembling ſeeke their hatefull liues to ſaue.
Sorrow and rage, ſhame, and his honors pride,
Choking his ſoule, madly compeld him raue,
Vntill his rage with vigor did confound
His heauie hart, and left him in a ſwound.

The Maiſter-gunner, likewiſe ſeeing Fate
Bridle his fortune, and his will to die,
With his ſharpe ſword fought to ſet ope the gate,
By which his ſoule might from his body flie,
Had not his freends perforce preſeru'd his ſtate,
And lockt him in his Cabbin, ſafe to lie,
Whilſt others ſwarm'd where hapleſſe *Grinuile* lay,
By cryes recalling life, late runne away.

In this too reſtleſſe turmoile of vnreſt,
The poore *Reuenges* Maiſter ſtole awaye,
And to the *Spaniſh* Admirall adreſt
The dolefull tidings of this mournfull day,
(The *Spaniſh* Admirall who then opreſt,
Houering with doubt, not daring t'end the fray,)
And pleads for truce, with ſouldiour-like ſubmiſſion,
Anexing to his words a ſtraight condition.

Alfonſo, willing to giue end to armes,
For well he knew *Grinuile* would neuer yeild,
Albe his power ſtoode like vnnumbred ſwarmes,
Yet daring not on ſtricter tearmes to build,
Hee offers all what may alay their harmes
Safetie of liues, nor any thrall to weild,
Free from the Gallie, priſonment, or paine,
And ſafe returne vnto their ſoyle againe.

To this he yeelds, as well for his own ſake,
Whom deſperate hazard might indamage ſore,
As for deſier the famous Knight to take,
Whom in his hart he ſeemed to deplore,
And for his valure halfe a God did make,
Extolling him all other men before,
Admiring with an honourable hart,
His valure, wiſdome, and his Souldiours Art.

VVith peacefull newes the Maiſter backe returns,
And rings it in the liuing remnants eares,
They all reioyce, but *Grinuile* deadly mourns,
He frets, he ſighs, he ſorrowes and deſpaires,
Hee cryes, this truce, their fame and bliſſe adiourns,
Hee rents his locks, and all his garments teares,
He vowes his hands ſhall rent the ſhip in twaine
Rather then he will *Spaniſh* yoke ſuſtaine.

The few reſeru'd, that life eſteem'd too well,
Knowing his words were warrants for his deede,
Vnkindly left him in that monſtrous hell,
And fled vnto *Alfonſo* with greate ſpeede.
To him their Chieftaines mightines they tell,
And how much valure on his ſoule doth feede,
That if preuention, not his actions dim,
Twill be too late to ſaue the ſhyp or him.

Baſſan made proude, vnconquering t'ouer-come,
Swore the braue Knight nor ſhip he would not loſe,
Should all the world in a petition come:
And therefore of his gallants, fortie choſe
To board Sir *Richard*, charging them be dombe
From threatning words, from anger, and from bloes,
But with all kindnes, honor, and admire
To bring him thence, to further *Fames* deſire.

Sooner they boarded not the crazed Barke,
But they beheld where ſpeechleſſe *Grinuile* lay,
All ſmeard in blood, and clouded in the darke
Contagious curtaine of Deaths tragick day;
They wept for pittie, and yet ſilent marke
VVhether his lungs ſent liuing breath away,
VVhich when they ſawe in ayrie blaſts to flie,
They ſtriu'd who firſt ſhould ſtanch his miſery.

Anon came life, and lift his eye-lids vp,
Whilſt they with teares denounce their Generals wil,
VVhoſe honord minde ſought to retort the cup
Of Deaths ſad poyſon, well inſtruckt to kill:
Tells him what fame and grace his eyes might ſup
From *Baſſans* kindnes, and his Surgions skill,
Both how he lou'd him, and admir'd his fame,
To which he ſought to lend a liuing flame.

Aye mee (quoth *Grinuile*) ſimple men, I know
My bodie to your Generall is a pray,
Take it, and as you pleaſe my lyms beſtow,
For I reſpect it not, tis earth and clay:
But for my minde that mightier much doth grow,
To heauen it ſhall, deſpight of *Spaniſh* ſway.
This ſaid, ore-come with anguiſh and with paine,
He ſwounded, and did neuer ſpeake againe.

They tooke him vp, and to theyr Generall brought
His mangled carkaſſe, but vnmaimed minde,
Three dayes hee breath'd, yet neuer ſpake he ought,
Albe his foes were humble, ſad, and kinde;
The fourth, came downe the Lambe that all ſoules bought,
And his pure part, from worſer parts refind,
Bearing his ſpirite vp to the loftie skyes,
Leauing his body, wonder to wonders eyes.

VVhen *Baſſan* ſaw the Angell-ſpirite fled,
VVhich lent a mortall frame immortall thought,
With pittie, griefe, and admiration led,
He mournfully complaind what Fat's had wrought,
VVoe me (he cryes) but now aliue, now dead,
But now inuincible, now captiue brought:
In this, vniuſt are Fat's, and Death declared,
That mighty ones, no more then mean are ſpared.

You powers of heauen, rayne honour on his hearſe,
And tune the Cherubins to ſing his fame,
Let Infants in the laſt age him rehearſe,
And let no more, honour be Honor's name:
Let him that will obtaine immortall vearſe,
Conquer the ſtile of *Grinuile* to the ſame.
For till that fire ſhall all the world conſume,
Shall neuer name, with *Grinuils* name preſume.

Reſt then deere ſoule, in thine all-reſting peace,
And take my teares for tropheys to thy tombe,
Let thy loſt blood, thy vnloſt fame increaſe,
Make kingly eares thy praiſes ſecond wombe:
That when all tongues to all reports ſurceaſe,
Yet ſhall thy deeds, out-liue the day of doome.
For euen Angels, in the heauens ſhall ſing,
Grinuile vnconquerd died, ſtill conquering.

O vtinam.

FINIS.

WHat became of the *Reuenge* after Sir *Richards* death, diuers report diuerſly, but the moſt probable and ſufficient proofe ſayth, that within fewe dayes after the Knights death, there aroſe a great ſtorme from the VVeſt and North-weſt. that all the Fleet was diſperced, aſwell the *Indian* Fleet, which were then come vnto them, as all the reſt of the *Armada*, which attended their ariuall; of vvhich fourteene ſayle, together with the *Reuenge*, and in her two hundred *Spanyards*, were caſt away vppon the Ile of *S. Michaels*; ſo it pleaſed them to honour the buriall of that renowned Ship the *Reuenge*, not ſuffering her to perriſh alone, for the great honour ſhee at chiued in her life time.

The last Fight of the REVENGE *at sea.*

[THE FIGHT AND CYCLONE AT THE AZORES.]

BY

Jan Huygen van Linschoten.

Linschoten, a native of Enckhuysen, a town in the north of Holland standing on the shore of Zuyder Zee, being 'much addicted to see and trauaile into strange Countries:' left the Texel on 6 DECEMBER 1576 in a ship (one of a fleet of 80) for San LUCAR DE BARAMEDA, where he arrived on 25 DECEMBER; and at SEVILLE on 1 JANUARY 1577, where he found one of his brothers: the other had followed the court to Madrid.

Henry II., the King of Portugal, dying, left by will the crown of Portugal to his nephew, Philip II. of Spain. One of Linschoten's brothers journeying towards Portugal dies at Salamanca. Having learnt Spanish, Jan went, in the service of a Dutch gentleman, into Portugal, and meeting his other brother at Badajos, they came to LISBON on 26 SEPTEMBER 1580. There, quitting his then service, he placed himself with a merchant, with whom he stayed for some two years.

At length he obtained a place in the suite of 40 persons of the friar Don Vincente de Fonseca, who had just accepted the Archbishopric of all the Indies from the king, for a term of four or five years. Linschoten's brother was also Pilot of the *San Salvador*, in which ship the Archbishop and his suite sailed. The fleet left Lisbon on Good Friday, 8 APRIL 1583, and separating off Madera on 15 APRIL, Linschoten's ship sighted the Indian coast on 20 SEPTEMBER following: the Archbishop making a triumphal entry into GOA on the 30th of that month. In this city, Linschoten principally resided during his stay in the East.

The Archbishop and the Viceroy having quarrelled, the former left India in JANUARY 1587 to make his complaints to the King, having dismissed all his servants, his Steward excepted, and Linschoten whom he made general Clerk, throughout all India, of the *La santa Crusada*, a fund to collect money to redeem European captives in Barbary.

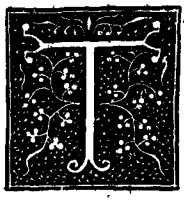
On 16 SEPTEMBER 1588 Linschoten learnt that the Archbishop had died on 4 AUGUST 1587, between the Azores and Portugal. Determining to return home: he obtained the situation of Factor of the Pepper on board the *Santa Cruz*, which left for Goa on 23 NOVEMBER 1588, and sighted Flores on the 22 JULY 1589; whence they were chased by 3 English ships to Terceira, where they were astounded to hear the following news:—

"That the men of the Island were all in armes, as hauing receiued aduise from *Portingall*, that Sir *Francis Drake* was in a readnes, and would come vnto those Islands. They likewise brought vs newes of the ouerthrow of the Spanish fleet before England, and that the English men had been before the gates of *Lisbone*: whereupon the King gaue vs commandement that we should put into the Island of *Tercera*, and there lie vnder the safetie of the Castle vntill we receiued further aduise what wee should doe or whether we should saile: for that they thought it too dangerous for vs to goe to *Lisbone*. Those newes put our fleet in great feare, and made vs looke upon each other not knowing what to say." *p.* 179. *Ed.* 1598.

Linschoten, continuing his diary while on shore at Terceira, gives us the account here reprinted of the Fight off Flores, 70 miles distant:—

At length, in DECEMBER 1591, he was able to leave the Western Isles in a Flushinger, and safely arrived at Lisbon on 2 JANUARY 1592. On 22 JULY following, he left Sentuval in a fleet of Dutch ships, and finally reached his home at Enckhuysen on 3 SEPTEMBER 1592: 'where I founde my mother, brother and sister all living, and in good health, it being 12 years, 9½ months after my departure from thence.'

[THE FIGHT AND CYCLONE AT THE AZORES.]



He 25. of Auguſt [1591], ye kings *Armada* comming out of *Farol* ariued in *Tercera*, being in all 30. ſhips: Biſkaies, Portingals and Spaniards, and 10. Dutch flieboats, yat were areſted in *Lisbone* to ſerue ye king, beſides other ſmal ſhips Pataxos, yat came to ſerue as meſſengers from place to place, and to diſcouer the ſeas. This nauie came to ſtay for, and conuoy the ſhips that ſhold come from the Spaniſh *Indies*, and the flie-boates were apointed in their returne home, to take in the goods yat were ſaued in ye loſt ſhip yat came from *Malacca*, and to conuoy it to *Lisbon*.

The 13. of September the ſaide Armado ariued at the Iſland of *Coruo*, where the Engliſhmen with about ſixteene ſhippes as then lay, ſtaying for the Spaniſh Fleete: whereof ſome or the moſt parte were come, and there the Engliſh were in good hope to haue taken them. But when they perceyued the kings Army to be ſtrong, the Admirall being the Lorde *Thomas Howard*, commaunded his Fleete not to fall vpon them, nor any of them once to ſeperate their ſhippes from him, vnleſſe he gaue commiſſion ſo to doe: notwithſtanding the Vice Admirall Sir *Rychard Greenfield*, being in the ſhip called the Reuenge went into the Spaniſh fleete, and ſhot among them, doing them great hurte, and thinking the reſt of the company would haue followed: which they did not, but left him there, and fayled away: the cauſe why could not be knowne: which the Spaniardes perceiuing, with ſeuen or eight ſhippes they borded her, but ſhe withſtood them all,

fighting with them at the leaſt 12. houres together, and ſunke two of them, one being a newe double Flie boat of 1200. tunnes, and Admirall of the Flie boates, the other a Biſcaine: But in the ende by reaſon of the number that came vppon her ſhe was taken, but to their great loſſe: for they had loſt in fighting, and by drowning aboue 400. men, and of the Engliſh were ſlaine about a hundred, Sir *Rychard Greenfield* himſelfe being wounded in his braine, whereof afterwardes hee dyed.

He was borne into the ſhip called the Saint *Paule*, wherein was the Admirall of the fleet *Don Alonſo de Barſan*: there his woundes were dreſt by the Spaniſh Surgeons, but *Don Alonſo* himſelfe would neither ſee him, nor ſpeake with him: all the reſt of the Captaines and Gentlemen went to viſite hym, and to comfort him in his hard fortune, wondring at his courage, and ſtout hart, for that he ſhewed not any ſigne of faintnes nor changing of colour. But feeling the hower of death to approch, hee ſpake theſe wordes in Spaniſh, and ſaid: Here die I *Richard Greenfield*, with a ioyfull and quiet mind, for that I haue ended my life as a true ſoldier ought to do, yat hath fought for his countrey, Queene, religion, and honor, whereby my ſoule moſt ioyfull departeth out of this bodie, and ſhall alwaies leaue behinde it an euerlaſting fame of a valiant and true ſoldier, that hath done his dutie, as he was bound to doe. When he had finiſhed theſe or ſuch other like words, hee gaue vp the Ghoſt, with great and ſtout courage, and no man could perceiue any true ſigne of heauineſſe in him.

This Sir *Richard Greenfield* was a great and a rich Gentleman in *England*, and had great yearely reuenewes of his owne inheritance: but he was a man very vnquiet in his minde, and greatly affected to warre: in ſo much as of his owne priuate motion hee offered his ſeruice to the Queene, he had performed many valiant actes, and was greatlie feared in theſe Iſlands, and knowne of euery man, but of nature very ſeuere,

ſo that his owne people hated him for his fiercenes, and ſpake verie hardly of him: for when they firſt entred into the Fleete or Armado, they had their great ſayle in a readineſſe, and might poſſiblie enough haue ſayled away: for it was one of the beſt ſhips for ſayle in England, and the Maſter perceiuing that the other ſhippes had left them, and followed not after, commanded the great ſayle to be cut, that they might make away: but Sir *Richard Greeneſield* threatned both him, and all the reſt that were in the ſhip, that if any man laid hand vppon it, he would cauſe him to be hanged, and ſo by that occaſion they were compelled to fight, and in the end were taken.

He was of ſo hard a complection, that as he continued among the Spaniſh Captaines while they were at dinner or ſupper with him, he would carouſe three or foure glaſſes of wine, and in a brauerie take the glaſſes betweene his teeth and craſh them in peeces and ſwallow them downe, ſo that often times the blood ran out of his mouth without any harme at all vnto him, and this was told me by diuers credible perſons that many times ſtoode and behelde him.

The Engliſh men that were left in the ſhip, as the captaine of the ſouldiers, the Maſter and others were diſperſed into diuers of the Spaniſh ſhips that had taken them, where there had almoſt a new fight ariſen betweene the Biſcaines and the Portingales: while ech of them would haue the honour to haue firſt borded her, ſo that there grew a great noiſe and quarrell among them, one taking the chiefe ancient, and the other the flagge, and the Captaine and euerie one held his owne.

The ſhips that had borded her were altogether out of order, and broken, and many of their men hurt, whereby they were compelled to come into the Iſland of *Tercera*, there to repaire themſelues: where being ariued, I and my chamber fellow, to heare ſome newes went abord on[e] one of the ſhips being a great

Biſcaine, and one of the twelue Apoſtles, whoſe Captaine was called *Bertandono*, that had bin Generall of the *Biſcaynes* in the fleete that went for England [*i.e.* in 1588]. Hee ſeeing vs called vs vp into the gallerie, where with great curteſie hee receiued vs, beeing as then ſet at dinner with the Engliſh Captain that ſate by him, and had on a ſute of blacke veluet, but he could not tell vs any thing, for that he could ſpeake no other language, but Engliſh and Latine, which *Bertandano* alſo could a little ſpeake.

The Engliſh Captaine got licence of the gouernour that hee might come on land with his weapon by his ſide, and was in our lodging with the Engliſhman that was kept priſoner in the Iland, being of that ſhip wherof the ſaylers got away, as I ſaid before. The Gouernour of *Tercera* bad him to dinner, and ſhewed him great curteſie. The Maſter likewiſe with licence of *Bartandano* came on land, and was in our lodging, and had at the leaſt ten or twelue woundes, as well in his head, as on his body, whereof after that being at ſea, betweene *Lisbone* and the Ilands he died. The Captaine wrote a letter, wherein he declared all the manner of the fight, and left it with the Engliſh Marchant that lay in our lodging, to ſend it to the Lord Admiral of England. This Engliſh Captaine comming vnto *Lisbone*, was there well receiued, and not any hurt done vnto him, but with good conuoy ſent to *Sentuual*, and from thence ſayled vnto England, with all the reſt of the Engliſhmen that were taken priſoners.

The Spaniſh armie [*i.e.* Armado] ſtaied at the Iland of *Coruo* till the laſt of September, to aſſemble the reſt of the fleet together; which in the end were to the number of 140. ſaile of ſhips, partly comming from *India*, and partly of the Army [*i.e.* Armado], and being altogether ready vnto ſaile in *Tercera* in good company, there ſodainely roſe ſo hard and cruell a ſtorme, that thoſe of the Iſland did affirme, that in mans memorie there was neuer any ſuch ſeen or heard

of before: for it ſeemed the ſea would haue ſwallowed vp the Iſlands, the water mounting higher than the Cliffes, which are ſo high that it amaſeth a man to beholde them: but the ſea reached aboue them, and liuing fiſhes were throwne vppon the land. This ſtorme continued not only a day or two with one wind but ſeauen or eight dayes continually, the wind turning round about, in all places of the compaſſe, at the leaſt twice or thrice during that time, and all alike, with a continuall ſtorme and tempeſt moſt terrible to behold, euen to vs that were on ſhore, much more then to ſuch as were at ſea: ſo that only on the coaſtes and Cliffes of the Iland of *Tercera*, there were aboue twelue ſhips caſt away, and not only vppon the one ſide, but round about it in euery corner, wherby nothing els was heard but complayning, crying, lamenting, and telling here is a ſhippe broken in peeces againſt the Cliffes, and there another, and all the men drowned: ſo that for the ſpace of 20. dayes after the ſtorme, they did nothing els but fiſh for dead men, that continually came driuing on the ſhore.

Among the reſt was the Engliſh ſhip called the *Reuenge*, that was caſt away vpon a Cliffe nere to the Iland of *Tercera*, where it brake in a hundred peeces and ſunke to the ground, hauing in her 70. men gallegos, Biſcaines, and others, with ſome of the captiue Engliſhmen, whereof but one was ſaued that got vp vpon the Cliffes aliue, and had his body and head all wounded, and hee being on ſhore brought vs the newes, deſiring to be ſhriuen, and thervpon preſently died. The *Reuenge* had in her diuers faire braſſe peeces, that were all ſunke in the ſea, which they of the Iſland were in good hope to waigh vp againe.

. . . . . .

On the other Iſlandes the loſſe was no leſſe then in *Tercera*: for on the Iſland of *Saint George* there were two ſhips caſt away: on the Iſland of *Pico* two ſhippes: on the Iſland *Gratioſa* three ſhips, and beſides thoſe

there came euerie where round about diuers peeces of broken ſhips, and other things fleeting towards the Iſlands, wherewith the ſea was all couered moſt pittifull to behold. On the Iſland of *S. Michaell*, there were foure ſhips caſt away, and betweene *Tercera* and *S. Michàels*, three more were ſunke, which were ſeene and heard to crie out, wherof not one man was ſaued. The reſt put into ſea without Maſts, all torne and rent: ſo that of the whole Fleete and Armado, being 140. ſhips in al, there were but 32. or 33. ariued in *Spaine* and *Portingall*, yea and thoſe few with ſo great miſerie, paine and labor, that not two of them ariued there together, but this day one, and tomorrow another, next day the third, and ſo one after the other to ye number aforeſaid. All the reſt were caſt away vpon the Iſlands, and ouerwhelmed in the ſea: whereby may bee conſidered what great loſſe and hinderance they receaued at that time: for by many mens iudgementes it was eſteemed to be much more then was left by their armie [*i.e.* Armado] that came for England, and it may well bee thought, and preſumed, that it was no other than a iuſt plague purpoſely ſent by God vpon the *Spaniards*, and that it might truely bee ſaid, the taking of the *Reuenge* was iuſtlie reuenged vppon them, and not by the might or force of man, but by the power of God, as ſome of them openly ſaid in the Iſle of *Tercera*, that they beleeued verily God would conſume them, and that hee tooke part with Lutheranes and Heretickes: ſaying further yat ſo ſoone as they had throwne the dead bodie of the Viceadmirall Sir *Richard Greenfield* ouer borde, they verily thought that as he had a deuiliſh faith and religion, and therefore ye deuils loued him, ſo hee preſently ſunke into the bottome of the ſea, and downe into Hell, where he rayſed vp all the deuilles to the reuenge of his death: and that they brought ſo great ſtormes and tormentes vpon the Spaniardes, becauſe they onely maintained the Catholike and Romiſh religion: ſuch

and the like blaſphemies againſt God, they ceaſed not openly to vtter, without that any man reproued them therein, nor for their falſe opinions, but the moſt part of them rather ſaid and affirmed, that of truth it muſt needes be ſo.

As one of thoſe Indian Fleetes put out of *Noua Spaigna*, there were 35. of them by ſtorme and tempeſt caſt away and drowned in the ſea, being 50. in all, ſo that but 15. eſcaped. Of the fleete that came from *Santo Domingo*, there were 14. caſt away, comming out of the channell of *Hauana*, whereof the Admirall and Viceadmirall were two of them: and from *Terra Firma* in *India*, there came two ſhippes laden with gold and ſiluer, that were taken by the Engliſhmen. and before the Spaniſh Armie [Armado] came to *Coruo*, the Engliſhmen at times had taken at the leaſt 20. ſhippes, that came from S. *Domingo*, *India*, *Braſilia*, &c. and al ſent into *England*. Whereby it plainly appeareth, that in ye end God wil aſſuredly plague the Spaniards, hauing already blinded them, ſo that they haue not the ſence to perceiue it, but ſtill to remain in their obſtinate opinions: but it is loſt labour to ſtriue againſt God, and to truſt in man, as being foundations erected vppon the ſands, which with the wind are blowen down, and ouerthrowen, as weedayly ſee before our eyes, and now not long ſince in many places haue euidently obſerued: and therefore let euery man but looke into his owne actions, and take our Low countries for an example, wherein we can but blame our owne ſinnes and wickedneſſe, which doth ſo blind vs, that wee wholly forget and reiect the benefites of God, continuing the ſeruauntes and yoke-aſlues of Sathan. God of his mercie open our eyes and hearts, that wee may know our onely health and ſauiour Ieſus Chriſt, who onelye can helpe, gouerne, and preſerue vs, and give us a happie ende in all our affaires. *fol.* 192-4.

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(For full titles, etc., see pp. 10-19.)

1. JOHN MILTON.

Areopagitica. 1644.

(*a*) AREOPAGITICA: *A Speech of Mr.* JOHN MILTON *For the Liberty of Unlicenc'd Printing, To the Parliament of England.*

(*b*) A Decree of Starre-Chamber, concerning Printing, made the eleuenth of July last past, 1637.

(*c*) An Order of the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament for the Regulating of Printing, &c. 1643.

LORD MACAULAY. He attacked the licensing system in that sublime treatise which every statesman should wear as a sign upon his hand, and as frontlets between his eyes.—*Edinburgh Review, p.* 344, *August*, 1825.

H. HALLAM. Many passages in this famous tract are admirably eloquent: an intense love of liberty and truth flows through it; the majestic soul of MILTON breathes such high thoughts as had not been uttered before.—*Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, iii. 660. *Ed.* 1839.

W. H. PRESCOTT. The most splendid argument perhaps the world had then witnessed on behalf of intellectual liberty.—*History of FERDINAND and ISABELLA*, iii. 391. *Ed.* 1845.

2. HUGH LATIMER.

Ex-Bishop of Worcester.

The Ploughers. 1549.

A notable Sermon of ye reuerende Father Master HUGHE LATIMER, *whiche he preached in ye Shrouds at paules churche in London on the xviii daye of Januarye.*

SIR R. MORISON. Did there ever any one (I say not in England only, but among other nations) flourish since the time of the Apostles, who preached the gospel more sincerely, purely, and honestly, than HUGH LATIMER, Bishop of *Worcester*?—*Apomaxis Calumniarum . . quibus JOANNES COCLEUS &c.*, f. 78. *Ed.* 1537.

It was in this Sermon, that LATIMER (himself an ex-Bishop) astonished his generation by saying that the Devil was the most diligent Prelate and Preacher in all England. "Ye shal neuer fynde him idle I warraunte you."

3. STEPHEN GOSSON.

Stud. Oxon.

The School of Abuse. 1579.

(*a*) *The Schoole of Abuse. Conteining a pleasaunt inuective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters, and such like Caterpillers of a Commonwealth; Setting up the Flagge of Defiance to their mischieuous exercise and ouerthrowing their Bulwarkes, by Prophane Writers, Naturall reason and common experience.* 1579.

(*b*) *An Apologie of the Schoole of Abuse, against Poets, Pipers, Players, and their Excusers.* [*Dec.*] 1579.

∴ This attack is thought to have occasioned SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S writing of the following *Apologie for Poesie.*

GOSSON was, in succession, Poet, Actor, Dramatist, Satirist, and a Puritan Clergyman.

4. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

An Apology for Poetry. [? 1580.]

An Apologie for Poetrie. Written by the right noble, vertuous, and learned Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, *Knight.* 1595.

H. W. LONGFELLOW. The defence of Poetry is a work of rare merit. It is a golden little volume, which the scholar may lay beneath his pillow, as CHRYSOSTOM did the works of ARISTOPHANES.—*North American Review, p.* 57. *January*, 1832.

The Work thus divides itself:—

The Etymology of Poetry.
The Anatomy of the Effects of Poetry.
The Anatomy of the Parts of Poetry.
Objections to Poetry answered.
Criticism of the existing English Poetry.

5. EDWARD WEBBE,

A Chief Master Gunner.

Travels. 1590.

The rare and most vvonderful thinges which EDWARD WEBBE *an Englishman borne, hath seene and passed in his troublesome trauailes, in the Cities of Ierusalem, Damasko, Bethelem and Galely: and in all the landes of Iewrie, Egipt, Grecia, Russia, and in the Land of Prester John.*

Wherein is set foorth his extreame slauerie sustained many yeres togither; in the Gallies and wars of the great Turk against the Landes of Persia, Tartaria, Spaine, and Portugall, with the manner of his releasement and coming to England. [1590.]

6. JOHN SELDEN.

Table Talk. [1634–1654.]

Table Talk: being the Discourses of JOHN SELDEN, *Esq.; or his Sence of various Matters of weight and high consequence, relating especially to Religion and State.* 1689.

S. T. COLERIDGE. There is more weighty bullion sense in this book than I ever found in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer. . . . O! to have been with SELDEN over his glass of wine, making every accident an outlet and a vehicle of wisdom.—*Literary Remains*, iii. 361–2. *Ed.* 1836.

H. HALLAM. This very short and small volume gives, perhaps, a more exalted notion of SELDEN'S natural talents than any of his learned writings. —*Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, iii. 347. *Ed.* 1836.

Above all things, Liberty.

7. ROGER ASCHAM.

Toxophilus. 1544.

Toxophilus, the Schole of Shootinge, conteyned in two bookes. To all Gentlemen and yomen of Englande, pleasaunte for theyr pastime to rede, and profitable for theyr use to follow both in warr and peace.

In a dialogue between *TOXOPHILUS* and *PHILOLOGUS*, ASCHAM not only gives us one of the very best books on Archery in our language; but as he tells King Henry VIII., in his Dedication, "this litle treatise was purposed, begon, and ended of me, onelie for this intent, that Labour, Honest pastime, and Vertu might recouer againe that place and right, that Idlenesse, Unthriftie Gaming, and Vice hath put them fro."

8. JOSEPH ADDISON.

Criticism on *Paradise Lost*. 1711–1712.

From the *Spectator*, being its Saturday issues between 31 December, 1711, and 3 May, 1712. In these papers, which constitute a Primer to *Paradise Lost*, ADDISON first made known, and interpreted to the general English public, the great Epic poem, which had then been published nearly half a century:

After a general discussion of the *Fable*, the *Characters*, the *Sentiments*, the *Language*, and the *Defects* of MILTON'S Great Poem; the Critic devotes a Paper to the consideration of the *Beauties* of each of its Twelve Books.

9. JOHN LYLY,

Novelist, Wit, Poet, and Dramatist.

Euphues. 1579–1580.

EUPHVES, *the Anatomy of Wit. Very pleasant for all Gentlemen to reade, and most necessary to remember.*

VVherein are conteined the delights that Wit followeth in his youth, by the pleasantnesse of loue, and the happinesse he reapeth in age by the perfectnesse of Wisedome. 1579.

EUPHUES *and his England. Containing his voyage and aduentures, myxed with sundry pretie discourses of honest Loue, the description of the countrey, the Court, and the manners of that Isle.* 1580.

Of great importance in our Literary History.

10. GEORGE VILLIERS,

Second Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

The Rehearsal. 1671.

The Rehearsal, as it was Acted at the Theatre Royal.

Many of the passages of anterior plays that were parodied in this famous Dramatic Satire on DRYDEN in the character of *BAYES*, are placed on opposite pages to the text. BRIAN FAIRFAX'S remarkable life of this Duke of BUCKINGHAM is also prefixed to the play.

The Heroic Plays, first introduced by Sir W. D'AVENANT, and afterwards greatly developed by DRYDEN, are the object of this laughable attack. LACY, who acted the part of *BAYES*, imitated the dress and gesticulation of DRYDEN.

The Poet repaid this compliment to the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, in 1681, by introducing him in the character of *ZIMRA* in his *ABSOLOM and ACHITOPHEL*.

11. GEORGE GASCOIGNE,

Soldier and Poet.

The Steel Glass, &c. 1576.

(*a*) *A Remembrance of the wel imployed life, and godly end, of* GEORGE GASKOIGNE, *Esquire, who deceassed at Stalmford in Lincoln shire, the* 7 *of October,* 1577. *The reporte of* GEOR. WHETSTONS, *Gent.* 1577.

There is only one copy of this metrical Life. It is in the Bodleian Library.

(*b*) *Certayne notes of instruction concerning the making verse or ryme in English.* 1575.

This is our First printed piece of Poetical Criticism.

(*c*) *The Steele Glas.*

Written in blank verse.

Probably the fourth printed English Satire: those by BARCLAY, ROY, and Sir T. WYATT being the three earlier ones.

(*d*) *The complaynt of* PHILOMENE. *An Elegie.* 1576.

12. JOHN EARLE,

Afterwards Bishop of SALISBURY.

Microcosmographie. 1628.

Micro-cosmographie, or a Peece of the World discovered; in Essays and Characters.

This celebrated book of Characters is graphically descriptive of the English social life of the time, as it presented itself to a young Fellow of Merton College, Oxford; including *A She precise Hypocrite, A Sceptic in Religion, A good old man, etc.*

This Work is a notable specimen of a considerable class of books in our Literature, full of interest; and which help Posterity much better to understand the Times in which they were written.

13. HUGH LATIMER,

Ex-Bishop of WORCESTER.

Seven Sermons before Edward VI. 1549.

The fyrste [*—seuenth*] *Sermon of Mayster* HUGHE LATIMER, *whiche he preached before the Kynges Maiestie wythin his graces palayce at Westminster on each Friday in Lent.* 1549.

Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH. LATIMER, . . . brave, sincere, honest, inflexible, not distinguished as a writer or a scholar, but exercising his power over men's minds by a fervid eloquence flowing from the deep conviction which animated his plain, pithy, and free spoken Sermons.—*History o England*, ii. 291. *Ed.* 1831.

14. Sir THOMAS MORE.

Translation of Utopia. 1516–1557.

A frutefull and pleasaunt worke of the best state of a publique weale, and of the new yle called Utopia: VVritten in Latine by Sir THOMAS MORE, *Knyght, and translated into Englyshe by* RALPH ROBYNSON.

LORD CAMPBELL. Since the time of PLATO there had been no composition given to the world which, for imagination, for philosophical discrimination, for a familiarity with the principles of government, for a knowledge of the springs of human action, for a keen observation of men and manners, and for felicity of expression, could be compared to the *Utopia*.—*Lives of the Lord Chancellors* (*Life of Sir. T. More*), i. 383. *Ed.* 1845.

In the imaginary country of Utopia, MORE endeavours to sketch out a State based upon two principles—(1) community of goods, no private property; and consequently (2) no use for money.

15. GEORGE PUTTENHAM,

A Gentleman Pensioner to Queen ELIZABETH.

The Art of English Poesy. 1589.

The Arte of English Poesie.
Contriued into three Bookes: The first of POETS *and* POESIE, *the second of* PROPORTION, *the third of* ORNAMENT.

W. OLDYS. It contains many pretty observations, examples, characters, and fragments of poetry for those times, now nowhere else to be met with.—*Sir WALTER RALEIGH*, liv. *Ed.* 1736.

O. GILCHRIST. On many accounts one of the most curious and entertaining, and intrinsically one of the most valuable books of the age of QUEEN ELIZABETH. The copious intermixture of contemporary anecdote, tradition, manners, opinions, and the numerous specimens of coeval poetry nowhere else preserved, contribute to form a volume of infinite amusement, curiosity, and value.—*Censura Literaria*, i. 339. *Ed.* 1805.

This is still also an important book on Rhetoric and the Figures of Speech.

16. JAMES HOWELL,

Clerk of the Council to CHARLES I.; afterwards Historiographer to CHARLES II.

Instructions for Foreign Travel. 1642.

Instructions for forreine travelle. Shewing by what cours, and in what compasse of time, one may take an exact Survey of the Kingdomes and States of Christendome, and arrive to the practical knowledge of the Languages, to good purpose.

The *MURRAY*, *BÆDEKER*, and *Practical Guide* to the Grand Tour of Europe, which, at that time, was considered the finishing touch to the complete education of an English Gentleman.

The route sketched out by this delightfully quaint Writer, is France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, the Netherlands, and Holland. The time allowed is 3 years and 4 months: the months to be spent in travelling, the years in residence at the different cities.

17. NICHOLAS UDALL,

Master, first of Eton College, then of Westminster School.

Roister Doister. [1553–1566.]

This is believed to be the first true English Comedy that ever came to the press.

From the unique copy, which wants a title-page, now at Eton College and which is thought to have been printed in 1566.

Dramatis Personæ.

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER.
MATTHEW MERRYGREEK.
GAWIN GOODLUCK, *affianced to Dame* CUSTANCE.
TRISTRAM TRUSTY, *his friend.*
DOBINET DOUGHTY, "*boy*" *to* ROISTER DOISTER.
TOM TRUEPENNY, *servant to Dame* CUSTANCE.
SIM SURESBY, *servant to* GOODLUCK.
Scrivener.
Harpax.
Dame CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE, *a widow.*
MARGERY MUMBLECRUST, *her nurse.*
TIBET TALKAPACE, ANNOT ALYFACE } *her maidens.*

18. A Monk of Evesham,

The Revelation, &c. 1186[–1410]. 1485.

¶ *Here begynnyth a marvellous revelacion that was schewyd of almighty god by sent Nycholas to a monke of Euyshamme yn the days of Kynge Richard the fyrst. And the yere of owre lord, M.C.Lxxxxvi.*

One of the rarest of English books printed by one of the earliest of English printers, WILLIAM DE MACLINIA; who printed this text about 1485, *in the lifetime of CAXTON.*

The essence of the story is as old as it professes to be; but contains later additions, the orthography, being of about 1410. It is very devoutly written, and contains a curious Vision of Purgatory.

The writer is a prototype of BUNYAN; and his description of the Gate in the Crystal Wall of Heaven, and of the solemn and marvellously sweet Peal of the Bells of Heaven that came to him through it, is very beautiful.

19. JAMES I.

A Counterblast to Tobacco. 1604.

(*a*) *The Essays of a Prentise, in the Diuine Art of Poesie.*

Printed while JAMES VI. of Scotland, at Edinburgh in 1585; and includes *Ane Short treatise, conteining some Reulis and Cautelis to be obseruit and eschewit in Scottis Poesie*, which is another very early piece of printed Poetical Criticism.

(*b*) *A Counterblaste to Tobacco.* 1604.

To this text has been added a full account of *the Introduction and Early use of Tobacco in England.* The herb first came into use in Europe as a medicinal leaf for poultices: smoking it was afterwards learnt from the American Indians.

Our Royal Author thus sums up his opinion:—

"A custome lothsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmefull to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

20. Sir ROBERT NAUNTON,

Master of the Court of Wards.

Fragmenta Regalia. 1653.

Fragmenta Regalia: or Observations on the late Queen ELIZABETH, *her Times and Favourites.* [1630.]

Naunton writes:—

"And thus I have delivered up this my poor Essay; a little Draught of this great Princess, and her Times, with the Servants of her State and favour."

21. THOMAS WATSON,

Londoner, Student-at-Law.

Poems. 1582–1593.

(*a*) *The* Ἑκατομπαθια *or Passionate Centurie of Loue.*

Diuided into two parts: whereof, the first expresseth the Author's sufferance in Loue: the latter, his long farwell to Loue and all his tyrannie. 1582.

(*b*) MELIBŒUS, *Sive Ecloga in obitum Honoratissimi Viri Domini* FRANCISCI WALSINGHAMI. 1590.

(*c*) *The same translated into English, by the Author.* 1590.

(*d*) *The Tears of Fancie, or Loue disdained.* 1593.

From the *unique* copy, wanting *Sonnets* 9–16, in the possession of S. CHRISTIE MILLER, Esq., of Britwell.

22. WILLIAM HABINGTON,

Castara. 1640.

CASTARA. *The third Edition. Corrected and augmented.*

CASTARA was Lady LUCY HERBERT, the youngest child of the first Lord POWIS; and these Poems were chiefly marks of affection during a pure courtship followed by a happy marriage. With these, are also Songs of Friendship, especially those referring to the Hon. GEORGE TALBOT.

In addition to these Poems, there are four prose Characters; on *A Mistress, A Wife, A Friend*, and *The Holy Man.*

23. ROGER ASCHAM,

The Schoolmaster. 1570.

The Scholemaster, or plane and perfite way of teachyng children to understand, write, and speake, in Latin tong, but specially purposed for the priuate brynging up of youth in Ientleman and Noble mens houses, &c.

This celebrated Work contains the story of Lady JANE GREY's delight in reading *PLATO*, an attack on the *Italianated* Englishman of the time, and much other information not specified in the above title.

In it, ASCHAM gives us very fully his plan of studying Languages, which may be described as *the double translation of a model book.*

24. HENRY HOWARD,

Earl of SURREY.

Sir THOMAS WYATT.

NICHOLAS GRIMALD.

Lord VAUX.

Tottel's Miscellany. 5 June, 1557.

Songes and Sonettes, vvritten by the right honourable Lorde HENRY HOWARD *late Earle of* SURREY, *and other.*

With 39 additional Poems from the second edition by the same printer RICHARD TOTTEL, of 31 July, 1557.

This celebrated Collection is the First of our Poetical Miscellanies, and also the first appearance in print of any considerable number of English Sonnets.

TOTTEL in his *Address to the Reader*, says:—

"That to haue wel written in verse, yea and in small parcelles, deserueth great praise, the workes of diuers Latines, Italians, and other, doe proue sufficiently. That our tong is able in that kynde to do as praiseworthely as ye rest, the honorable stile of the noble earle of Surrey, and the weightinesse of the depewitted Sir Thomas Wyat the elders verse, with seuerall graces in sondry good Englishe writers, doe show abundantly."

25. Rev. THOMAS LEVER,

Fellow and Preacher of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Sermons. 1550.

(*a*) *A fruitfull Sermon in Paules church at London in the Shroudes.*

(*b*) *A Sermon preached the fourth Sunday in Lent before the Kynges Maiestie, and his honourable Counsell.*

(*c*) *A Sermon preached at Pauls Crosse.* 1550.

These Sermons are reprinted from the original editions, which are of *extreme* rarity. They throw much light on the communistic theories of the Norfolk rebels; and the one at Paul's Cross contains a curious account of Cambridge University life in the reign of EDWARD VI.

26. WILLIAM WEBBE,

Graduate.

A Discourse of English Poetry. 1586.

A Discourse of English Poetrie. Together with the Authors iudgement, touching the reformation of our English Verse.

Another of the early pieces of Poetical Criticism, written in the year in which SHAKESPEARE is supposed to have left Stratford for London.

Only two copies of this Work are known, one of these was sold for £64.

This Work should be read with STANYHURST'S *Translation of Æneid, I.–IV.*, 1582, see p. 64. WEBBE was an advocate of English Hexameters; and here translates VIRGIL'S first two Eglogues into them. He also translates into Sapphics COLIN'S Song in the Fourth Eglogue of SPENSER'S *Shepherd's Calendar.*

27. FRANCIS BACON.

afterwards Lord VERULAM Viscount ST. ALBANS.

A Harmony of the *Essays*, &c. 1597–1626.

And after my manner, I alter ever, when I add. So that nothing is finished, till all be finished.—Sir FRANCIS BACON, 27 Feb., 1610–[11].

(*a*) *Essays, Religious Meditations, and Places of perswasion and disswasion.* 1597.

(*b*) *The Writings of Sir* FRANCIS BACON *Knight the Kinges Sollicitor General in Moralitie, Policie, Historie.*

(*c*) *The Essaies of Sir* FRANCIS BACON *Knight, the Kings Solliciter Generall.*

(*d*) *The Essayes or Counsells, Civill and Morall of* FRANCIS *Lord* VERULAM, *Viscount* ST. ALBAN. 1625.

28. WILLIAM ROY. JEROME BARLOW.

Franciscan Friars.

Read me, and be not wroth! [1528.]

(*a*) *Rede me and be nott wrothe,*
For I saye no thynge but trothe.
I will ascende makynge my state so hye,
That my pompous honoure shall never dye.
O Caytyfe when thou thynkest least of all,
With confusion thou shalt have a fall.

This is the famous satire on Cardinal WOLSEY, and is the First English *Protestant* book ever printed, not being a portion of Holy Scripture. See *p.* 22 for the Fifth such book.

The next two pieces form one book, printed by HANS LUFT, at Marburg, in 1530.

(*b*) *A proper dyaloge, betwene a Gentillman and a husbandman, eche complaynynge to other their miserable calamite, through the ambicion of the clergye.*

(*c*) *A compendious old treatyse, shewynge, how that we ought to have the scripture in Englysshe.*

29. Sir WALTER RALEIGH. GERVASE MARKHAM. J. H. VAN LINSCHOTEN.

The Last Fight of the "Revenge." 1591.

(*a*) *A Report of the truth of the fight about the Iles of Acores, this last la Sommer.. Betwixt the* REUENGE, *one of her Maiesties Shippes, and an* ARMADA *of the King of Spaine.*

[By Sir W. RALEIGH.]

(*b*) *The most honorable Tragedie of Sir* RICHARD GRINUILE, *Knight.* 1595.

[By GERVASE MARKHAM.]

(*c*) [*The Fight and Cyclone at the Azores.*

[By JAV HUYGHEN VAN LINSCHOTEN.]

Several accounts are here given of one of the most extraordinary Sea fights in our Naval History.

30. BARNABE GOOGE.

Eglogues, Epitaphs, and Sonnets. 1563.

Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonettes Newly written by BARNABE GOOGE.

Three copies only known. Reprinted from the *Huth* copy.

In the prefatory *Notes of the Life and Writings of B. GOOGE*, will be found an account of the trouble he had in winning MARY DARELL for his wife.

A new Literature generally begins with imitations and translations. When this book first appeared, Translations were all the rage among the "young England" of the day. This Collection of *original* Occasional Verse is therefore the more noticeable. The Introduction gives a glimpse of the principal Writers of the time, such as the Authors of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, the Translators of SENECA'S *Tragedies*, etc., and including such names as BALDWIN, BAVANDE, BLUNDESTON, NEVILLE, NORTH NORTON, SACKVILLE, and YELVERTON.

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1. William Caxton,

our first Printer.

Translation of REYNARD THE FOX. 1481.

[COLOPHON.] *I haue not added ne mynusshed but haue folowed as nyghe as I can my copye which was in dutche / and by me* WILLIAM CAXTON *translated in to this rude and symple englyssh in th[e] abbey of westmestre.*

Interesting for its own sake; but especially as being translated as well as printed by CAXTON, who finished the printing on 6 June, 1481.

The Story is the History of the Three fraudulent Escapes of the Fox from punishment, the record of the Defeat of Justice by flattering lips and dishonourable deeds. It also shows the struggle between the power of Words and the power of Blows, a conflict between Mind and Matter. It was necessary for the physically weak to have Eloquence: the blame of REYNARD is in the frightful misuse he makes of it.

The author says, "There is in the world much seed left of the Fox, which now over all groweth and cometh sore up, though they have no red beards."

2. John Knox,

the Scotch Reformer.

THE FIRST BLAST OF THE TRUMPET, &c. 1558.

(*a*) *The First Blast of a Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment of Women.*

(*b*) *The Propositions to be entreated in the Second* BLAST.

This work was wrung out of the heart of JOHN KNOX, while, at Dieppe, he heard of the martyr fires of England, and was anguished thereby. At that moment the liberties of Great Britain, and therein the hopes of the whole World, lay in the laps of four women—MARY of Loraine, the Regent of Scotland; her daughter MARY (the Queen of Scots); Queen MARY TUDOR; and the Princess ELIZABETH.

The Volume was printed at Geneva.

(*c*) KNOX'S *apologetical Defence of his* FIRST BLAST, &c., *to Queen* ELIZABETH. 1559.

3. Clement Robinson,

and divers others.

A HANDFUL OF PLEASANT DELIGHTS. 1584.

A Handeful of pleasant delites, Containing sundrie new Sonets and delectable Histories, in diuers kindes of Meeter. Newly deuised to the newest tunes that are now in vse, to be sung; euerie Sonet orderly pointed to his proper Tune. With new additions of certain Songs, to verie late deuised Notes, not commonly knowen, nor vsed heretofore.

OPHELIA quotes from *A Nosegaie, &c.*, in this Poetical Miscellany; of which only one copy is now known.

It also contains the earliest text extant of the *Ladie Greensleeues*, which first appeared four years previously.

This is the Third printed Poetical Miscellany in our language.

4. [Simon Fish,
of Gray's Inn.]

A SUPPLICATION FOR THE BEGGARS.
[? 1529.]

A Supplicacyon for the Beggars.

Stated by J. FOX to have been distributed in the streets of London on Candlemas Day [2 Feb., 1529].

This is the Fifth Protestant book (not being a portion of Holy Scripture that was printed in the English Language.

The authorship of this anonymous tract, is fixed by a passage in Sir T. MORE's *Apology*, of 1533, quoted in the Introduction.

5. [Rev. John Udall,
Minister at Kingston on Thames.]

DIOTREPHES. [1588.]

The state of the Church of Englande, laid open in a conference betweene DIOTREPHES *a Byshopp*, TERTULLUS *a Papiste*, DEMETRIUS *an vsurer*, PANDOCHUS *an Innekeeper, and* PAULE *a preacher of the word of God.*

This is the forerunning tract of the *MARTIN MARPRELATE Controversy*. For the production of it, ROBERT WALDEGRAVE, the printer, was ruined; and so became available for the printing of the Martinist invectives.

The scene of the Dialogue is in PANDOCHUS'S Inn, which is in a posting-town on the high road from London to Edinburgh.

6. [?]

THE RETURN FROM PARNASSUS.
[Acted 1602.] 1606.

The Returne from Pernassus: or The Scourge of Simony. Publiquely acted by the Students in Saint Iohns Colledge in Cambridge.

This play, written by a University man in December, 1601, brings WILLIAM KEMP and RICHARD BURBAGE on to the Stage, and makes them speak thus:

"KEMP. Few of the vniuersity pen plaies well, they smell too much of that writer *Ouid* and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and talke too much of *Proserpina* and *Iuppiter*. Why herees our fellow *Shakespeare* puts them all downe, I [*Ay*] and *Ben Ionson* too. O that *Ben Ionson* is a pestilent fellow, he brought vp *Horace* giuing the Poets a pill, but our fellow *Shakespeare* hath given him a purge that made him beray his credit:

"BURBAGE. It's a shrewd fellow indeed:"

What this controversy between SHAKESPEARE and JONSON was, has not yet been cleared up. It was evidently recent, when (in Dec., 1601) this play was written.

7. Thomas Decker,

The Dramatist.

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF LONDON, &c. 1606.

The seuen deadly Sinnes of London: drawn in seuen seuerall Coaches, through the seuen seuerall Gates of the Citie, bringing the Plague with them.

A prose Allegorical Satire, giving a most vivid picture of London life, in October, 1606.

The seven sins are—

FRAUDULENT BANKRUPTCY.
LYING.
CANDLELIGHT (*Deeds of Darkness*).
SLOTH.
APISHNESS (*Changes of Fashion*).
SHAVING (*Cheating*), and CRUELTY.

Their chariots, drivers, pages, attendants, and followers, are all allegorically described.

8. *The Editor.*

AN INTRODUCTORY SKETCH TO THE MARTIN MARPRELATE CONTROVERSY. 1588–1590.

(*a*) *The general Episcopal Administration, Censorship, &c.*

(*b*) *The Origin of the Controversy.*

(*c*) *Depositions and Examinations.*

(*d*) *State Documents.*

(*e*) *The Brief held by Sir* JOHN PUCKERING, *against the Martinists.*

The REV. J. UDALL (who was, however, *not* a Martinist); Mrs. CRANE, of Molesey, Rev. J. PENRY, Sir R. KNIGHTLEY, of Fawsley, near Northampton; HUMPHREY NEWMAN, the London cobbler; JOHN HALES, Esq., of Coventry; Mr. and Mrs. WEEKSTON, of Wolston: JOB THROCKMORTON, Esq.; HENRY SHARPE, bookbinder of Northampton, and the four printers.

(*f*) *Miscellaneous Information.*

(*g*) *Who were the Writers who wrote under the name of* MARTIN MARPRELATE?

9. [Rev. John Udall,

Minister at Kingston on Thames.]

A DEMONSTRATION OF DISCIPLINE. 1588.

A Demonstration of the trueth of that discipline which CHRISTE *hath prescribed in his worde for the gouernement of his Church, in all times and places, vntil the ende of the worlde.*

Printed with the secret Martinist press, at East Molesey, near Hampton Court, in July, 1588; and secretly distributed with the *Epitome* in the following November.

For this Work, UDALL lingered to death in prison.

It is perhaps the most complete argument, in our language, for Presbyterian Puritanism, as it was then understood. Its author asserted for it, the infallibility of a Divine Logic; but two generations had not passed away, before (under the teachings of Experience) much of this Church Polity had been discarded.

10. Richard Stanyhurst,

the Irish Historian.

Translation of ÆNEID I.–IV. 1582.

Thee first fovre Bookes of VIRGIL *his* Æneis *translated intoo English heroical* [*i.e.*, hexameter] *verse by* RICHARD STANYHURST, *wyth oother Poëtical diuises theretoo annexed.*

Imprinted at Leiden in Holland by IOHN PATES, *Anno M.D.LXXXII.*

This is one of the oddest and most grotesque books in the English language; and having been printed in Flanders, the original Edition is of *extreme* rarity.

The present text is, by the kindness of Lord ASHBURNHAM and S. CHRISTIE-MILLER, Esq., reprinted from the only two copies known, neither of which is quite perfect.

GABRIEL HARVEY desired to be epitaphed, *The Inventor of the English Hexameter*; and STANYHURST, in imitating him, went further than any one else in maltreating English words to suit the exigencies of Classical feet.

11. *Martin Marprelate.*

THE EPISTLE. 1588.

Oh read ouer D. JOHN BRIDGES, *for it is a worthy worke: Or an epitome of the fyrste Booke of that right worshipfull volume, written against the Puritanes, in the defence of the noble cleargie, by as worshipfull a prieste,* JOHN BRIDGES, *Presbyter, Priest or Elder, doctor of Diuillitie, and Deane of Sarum.*

The Epitome [*p.* 26] *is not yet published, but it shall be, when the Byshops are at convenient leysure to view the same. In the meane time, let them be content with this learned Epistle.*

Printed oversea, in Europe, within two furlongs of a Bounsing Priest, at the cost and charges of M. MARPRELATE, *gentleman.*

12. Robert Greene, M.A.

MENAPHON. 1589.

MENAPHON. CAMILLAS *alarum to slumbering* EUPHUES, *in his melancholie Cell at Silexedra. VVherein are deciphered the variable effects of Fortune, the wonders of Loue, the triumphes of inconstant Time. Displaying in sundrie conceipted passions (figured in a continuate Historie), the Trophees that Vertue carrieth triumphant, maugre the wrath of Enuie, or the resolution of Fortune.*

One of GREENE's novels with TOM NASH's Preface, so important in reference to the earlier *HAMLET*, before SHAKESPEARE's tragedy.

GREENE's "love pamphlets" were the most popular Works of Fiction in England, up to the appearance of Sir P. SIDNEY's *Arcadia* in 1590.

13. George Joy,

an early Protestant Reformer.

AN APOLOGY TO TINDALE. 1535.

An Apologye made by GEORGE JOYE *to satisfye* (*if it may be*) W. TINDALE : *to pourge and defende himself ageinst so many sclaunderouse lyes fayned vpon him in* TINDAL'S *vncharitable and unsober* Pystle *so well worthye to be prefixed* for the Reader *to induce him into the understanding of hys* new Testament diligently corrected and printed in the yeare of our Lorde, 1534, in Nouember [Antwerp, 27 Feb., 1535.

This almost lost book is our only authority in respect to the surreptitious editions of the English *New Testament*, which were printed for the English market with very many errors, by Antwerp printers who knew not English, in the interval between TINDALE'S first editions in 1526, and his revised Text (above referred to) in 1534.

14. Richard Barnfield.

of Darlaston, Staffordshire.

POEMS. 1594-1598.

The affectionate Shepherd. Containing the Complaint of DAPHNIS *for the Loue of* GANYMEDE.

In the following Work, BARNFIELD states that this is "an imitation of *Virgill*, in the second Eglogue of *Alexis*."

CYNTHIA. *With Certaine Sonnets, and the Legend of* CASSANDRA. 1595.

The Author thus concludes his Preface : "Thus, hoping you will beare with my rude conceit of *Cynthia* (if for no other cause, yet, for that it is the First Imitation of the verse of that excellent Poet, Maister *Spencer*, in his *Fayrie Queene*), I leaue you to the reading of that, which I so much desire may breed your delight."

The Encomion of Lady PECUNIA : *or, The Praise of Money.* 1598.

Two of the Poems in this Text have been wrongly attributed to SHAKESPEARE. The disproof is given in the Introduction.

15. T[homas] C[ooper].

[*Bishop of WINCHESTER.*]

ADMONITION TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

An admonition to the people of England: VVherein are answered, not onley the slaunderous vntruethes, reprochfully vttered by MARTIN *the Libeller, but also many other Crimes by some of his broode, objected generally against all Bishops, and the chiefe of the Cleargie, purposely to deface and discredit the present state of the Church.* [*Jan.* 1589].

This is the official reply on the part of the Hierarchy, to *MARTIN MARPRELATE's Epistle of* [Nov.] 1508 : see No. 11. on *p.* 24.

It was published between the appearance of the *Epistle* and that of the *Epitome*.

16. Captain John Smith,

President of Virginia, and Admiral of New England.

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Occasion was taken, in the preparation of this Edition, dispassionately to test the Author's statements. The result is perfectly satisfactory. The Lincolnshire Captain is to be implicitly believed in all that he relates of his own personal knowledge.

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(3.) **A Description of New England.** 1616.
(4.) **New England's Trials.** 1620 and 1622.
(5.) **The History of Virginia, New England, and Bermuda.** 1624.
(6.) **An Accidence for young Seamen.** 1626.
(7.) **His true Travels, Adventures, and Observations.** 1630.
(8.) **Advertisements for Planters in New England, or anywhere.** 1631.

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(3.) **The Decades of the New World, etc.**, by PIETRO MARTIRE [PETRUS MARTYR], translated by RICHARD EDEN, and printed in 1555. *The Third English Book on America.* SHAKESPEARE obtained the character of CALIBAN from this Work.

A List of 837 London Publishers, 1553–1640.

This Master Key to English Bibliography for the period also gives the approximate period that each Publisher was in business.

Demy 4to, 32 pp.

Fcap. 4to, Cloth, Gilt.

THE ONLY KNOWN FRAGMENT OF

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BY W. TINDALE AND W. ROY.

Sixty photo-lithographed pages; preceded by a critical PREFACE.

BRIEFLY told, the story of this profoundly interesting work is as follows:—

In 1524 TINDALE went from London to Hamburgh; where remaining for about a year, he journeyed on to Cologne; and there, assisted by WILLIAM ROY, subsequently the author of the satire on WOLSEY, *Rede me and be nott wrothe* [see *p.* 19], he began this first edition in 4to, *with glosses*, of the English New Testament.

A virulent enemy of the Reformation, COCHLÆUS, at that time an exile in Cologne, learnt, through giving wine to the printer's men, that P. QUENTAL the printer had in hand a secret edition of three thousand copies of the English New Testament. In great alarm, he informed HERMAN RINCK, a Senator of the city, who moved the Senate to stop the printing; but COCHLÆUS could neither obtain a sight of the Translators, nor a sheet of the impression.

TINDALE and ROY fled with the printed sheets up the Rhine to Worms; and there completing this edition, produced also another in 8vo, *without glosses*. Both editions were probably in England by March, 1526.

Of the six thousand copies of which they together were composed, there remain but this fragment of the First commenced edition, in 4to; and of the Second Edition, in 8vo, one complete copy in the Library of the Baptist College at Bristol, and an imperfect one in that of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

In the *Preface*, the original documents are given intact, in connection with

Evidence connected with the first Two Editions of the English New Testament, viz., in Quarto and Octavo—

I. WILLIAM TINDALE'S antecedent career.
II. The Printing at Cologne.
III. The Printing at Worms.
IV. WILLIAM ROY'S connection with these Editions.
V. The landing and distribution in England.
VI. The persecution in England.

Typographical and Literary Evidence connected with the present Fragment—

I. It was printed for TINDALE by PETER QUENTAL at Cologne, before 1526.
II. It is not a portion of the separate Gospel of *Matthew* printed previous to that year.
III. It is therefore certainly a fragment of the Quarto.

Is the Quarto a translation of LUTHER'S *German Version?*

Text. The prologge. Inner Marginal References. Outer Marginal Glosses.

*** For a continuation of this Story see G. JOY'S *Apology* at *p.* 25.

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